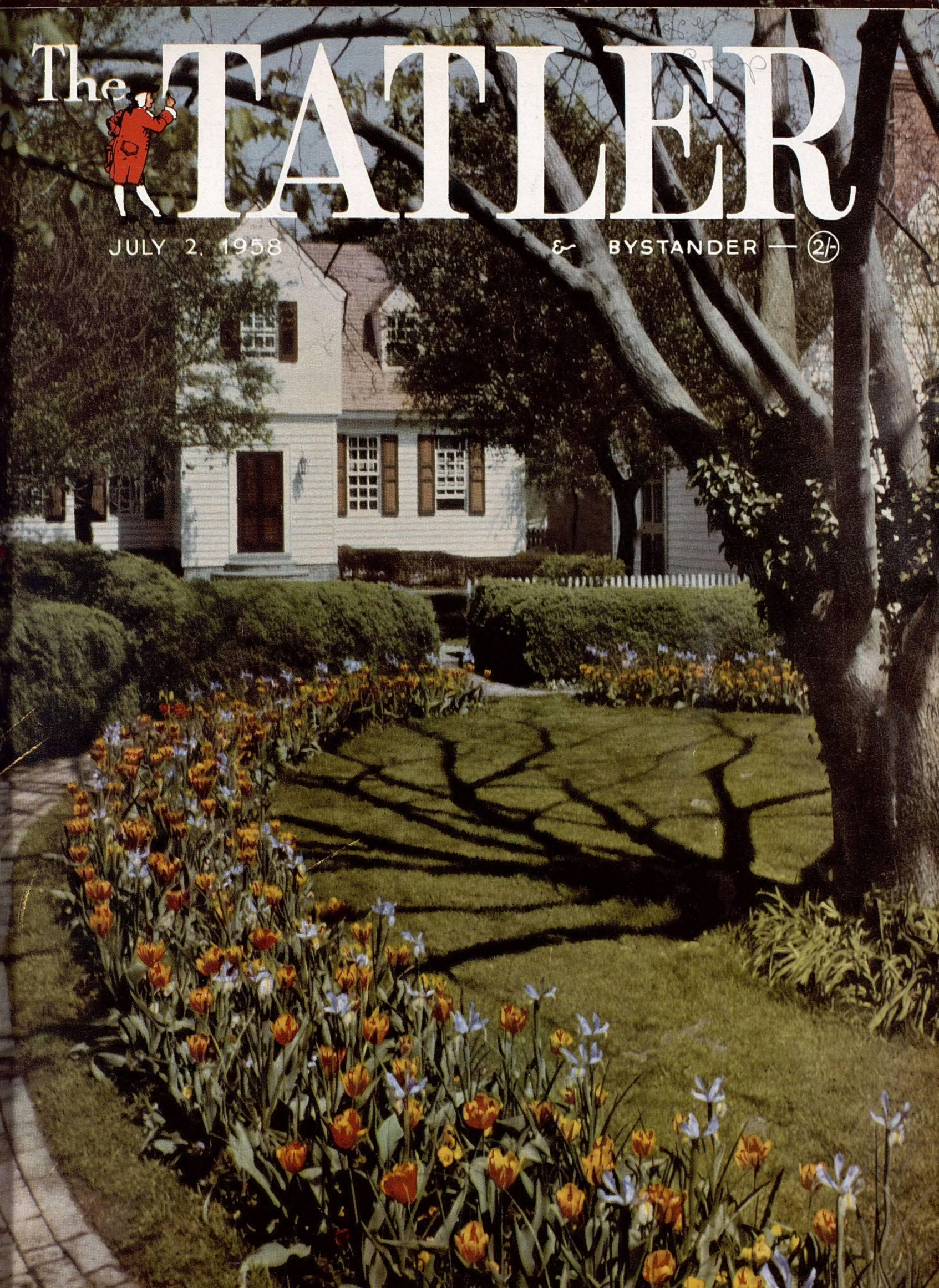


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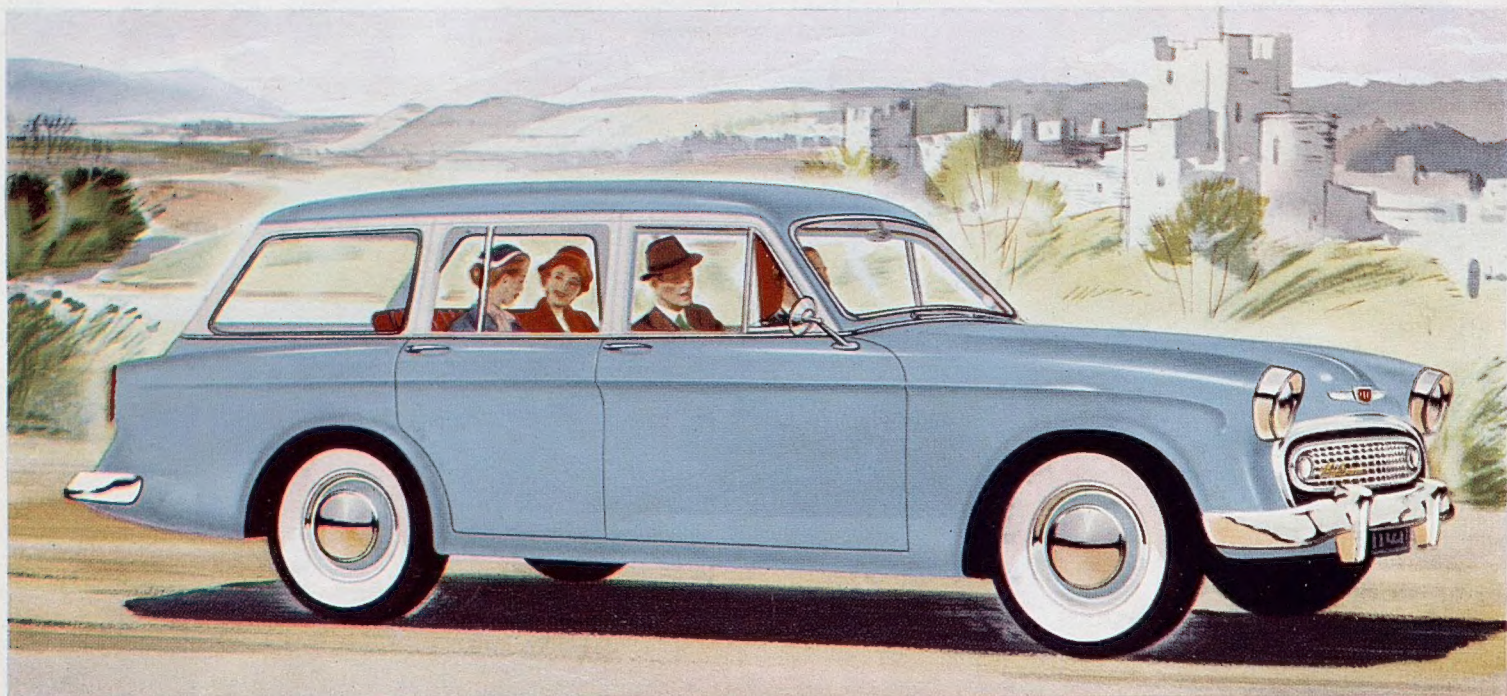
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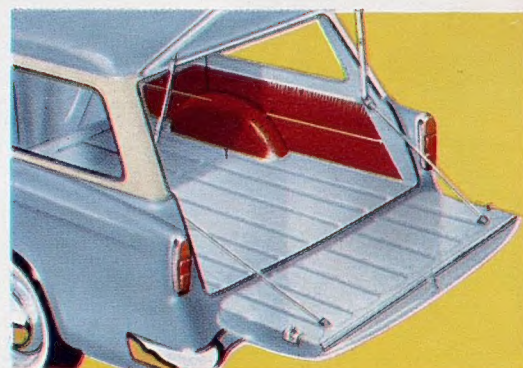
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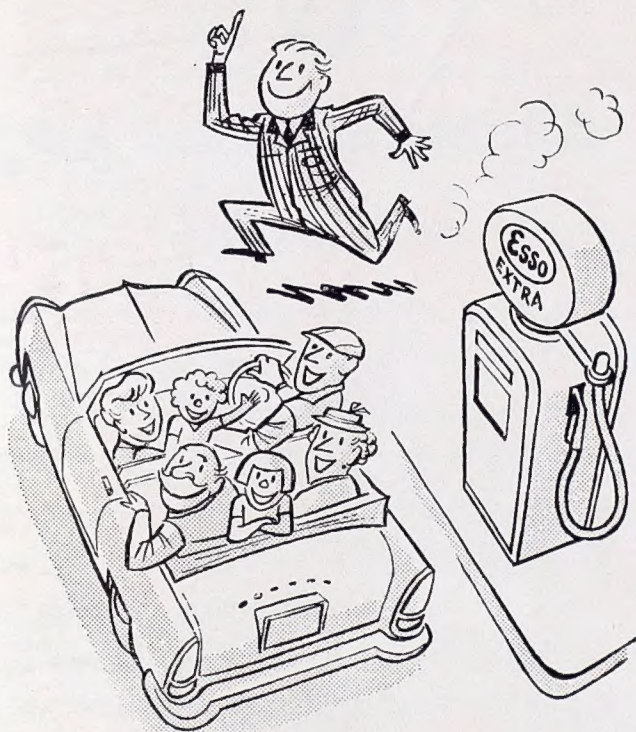


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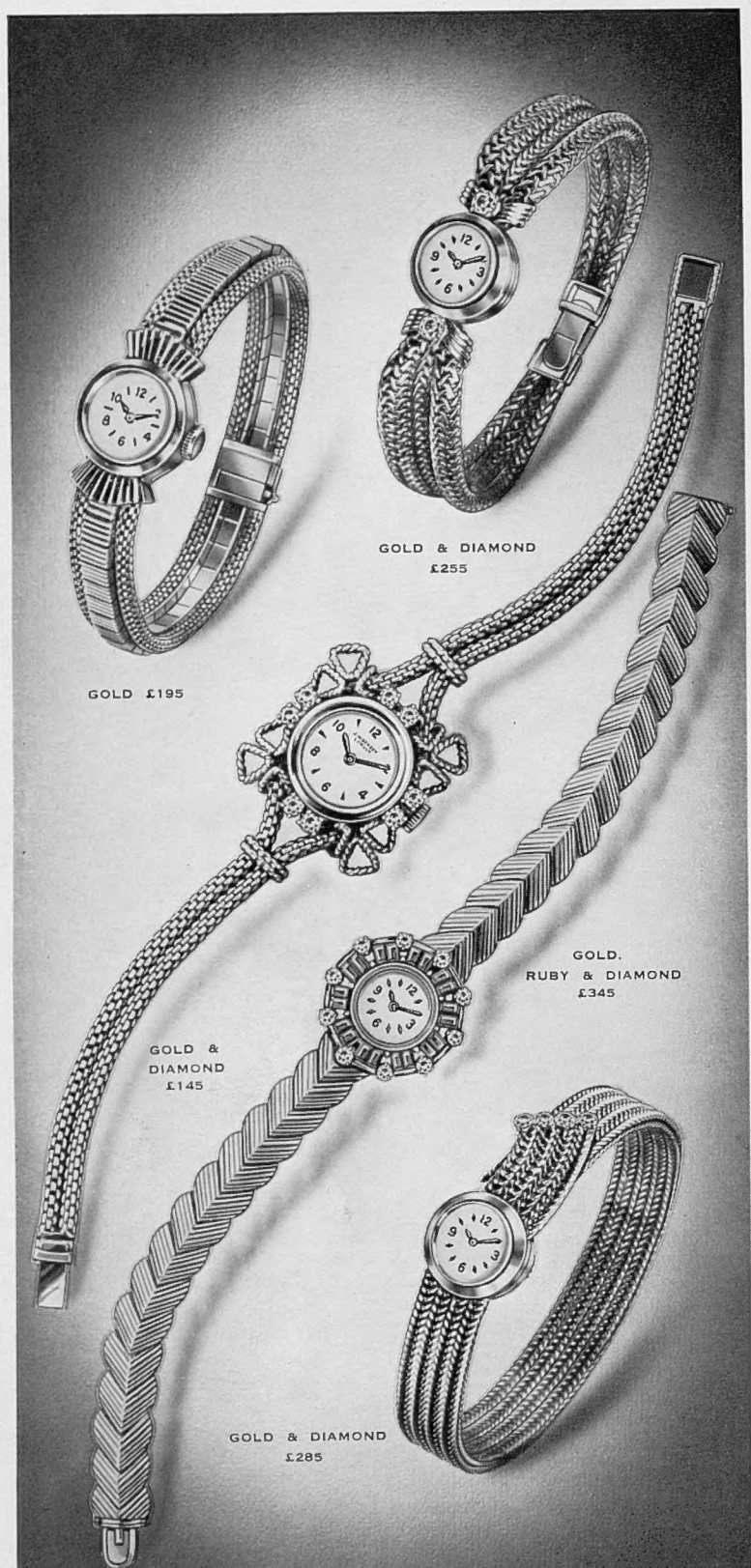
A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is holding a vintage camera in his right hand and looking down at it. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape.The Esso logo, featuring a crown and a shield with a flame, is located in the top right corner of the advertisement.

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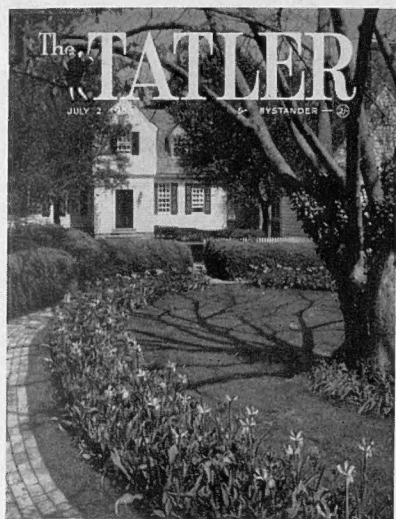
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Portrait painters today



GUESS WHERE? The tulips and hedges, with a lantern at the door, contribute to an air of antiquity. Only the timber construction of the charming house suggests the New World rather than the Old. The scene is in Williamsburg, Virginia, oldest British settlement in America. An illustrated article about a movement to build more graceful houses in Britain is on page 14

D I A R Y of the week

FROM JULY 3 TO JULY 9

THURSDAY 3 JULY

Concert: The Juilliard Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jean Morel in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Ballet: Last performance of the Royal Ballet's season at the Opera House, Covent Garden.

Crickets: Third Test Match, England v. New Zealand, at Leeds.

Racing at Liverpool, Carlisle and Newmarket.

FRIDAY 4 JULY

Flower Show: The Royal Windsor Rose Show opens at Windsor Castle.

Crickets: Eton v. Harrow at Lord's (2 days).

Garden Party: The Queen holds a garden party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

SATURDAY 5 JULY

Polo: Final of the Benson Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Aviation: International Invitation Air Rally at Deauville.

Festival: The B.B.C. and L.C.C. present a Light Music Festival concert in the Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY 6 JULY

Polo: Semi-Finals of the Cowdray Park Gold Cup at Midhurst.

MONDAY 7 JULY

Festival: The Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music (to 18th).

Shooting: The National Rifle Association Imperial Championship meeting at Bisley, Surrey (to 23rd).

Racing at Lewes, Edinburgh and Nottingham.

TUESDAY 8 JULY

Royal Premiere: Prince Philip attends the film premiere of *The Vikings*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, arranged by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme.

Agriculture: The Great Yorkshire Show at Harrogate.

WEDNESDAY 9 JULY

Chartwell: Sir Winston & Lady Churchill open the gardens of their home Chartwell, near Westerham, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. (NOT on 19 July as previously stated).

Royal Visit: Princess Alexandra visits the Kent County Agricultural Show at Maidstone, which opens today.

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POSTAGE: Inland, 4d. Canada, 14d. Foreign, 44d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d.; Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.00, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.



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A Bradley model in Alaska sealskin



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXIX. No. 2973

2 July 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

Historian plus

CICELY VERONICA WEDGWOOD is a woman who has made her outstanding reputation in literature the hard way. She takes academic history and turns it into best-sellers. Yet she writes with such scholarship that she is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and an Hon. LL.D. of Glasgow University.

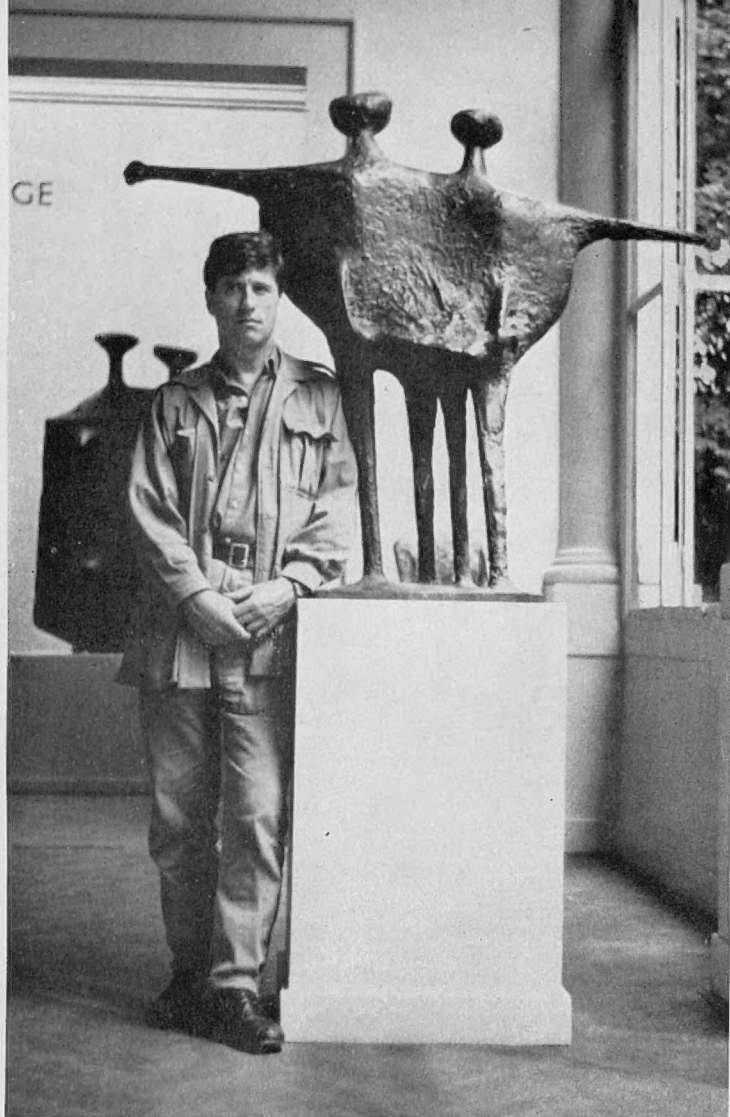
Miss Wedgwood is the daughter of the late Sir Ralph Wedgwood and sister of the second baronet. She is a direct descendant of the founder of the pottery firm. Educated privately and at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, she published her first work, a biography of Strafford, when she was 25. Since then she has written several studies of celebrated statesmen of the 16th and 17th centuries including Oliver Cromwell, William

the Silent (which won for her the James Tait Black Prize in 1944), and Cardinal Richelieu. Her next book, due out later this year, is a sequel to *The King's Peace*, her biggest success, and is entitled *The King's War*.

In addition to her historical research Miss Wedgwood is active in journalism. She is a director of Viscountess Rhonda's *Time and Tide*, and she contributes to various publications. She was president of the English Centre of the International P.E.N. Club from 1951-57. Her home is in Hampstead.

She was made a C.B.E. in 1956.

For news of another famous author see the Books Section (page 30).



VENICE'S 29th BIENNALE, opened by the President of Italy (Signor Gronchi), included a British Pavilion. The Yorkshire-born sculptor, Kenneth Armitage (*first picture*, with his Striding Figures) received a 500,000 lire prize. The Canadian Pavilion was visited by the Director of the National Galleries of Canada, Mr. A. Jarvis and his



PEOPLE AT THE ART SHOWS



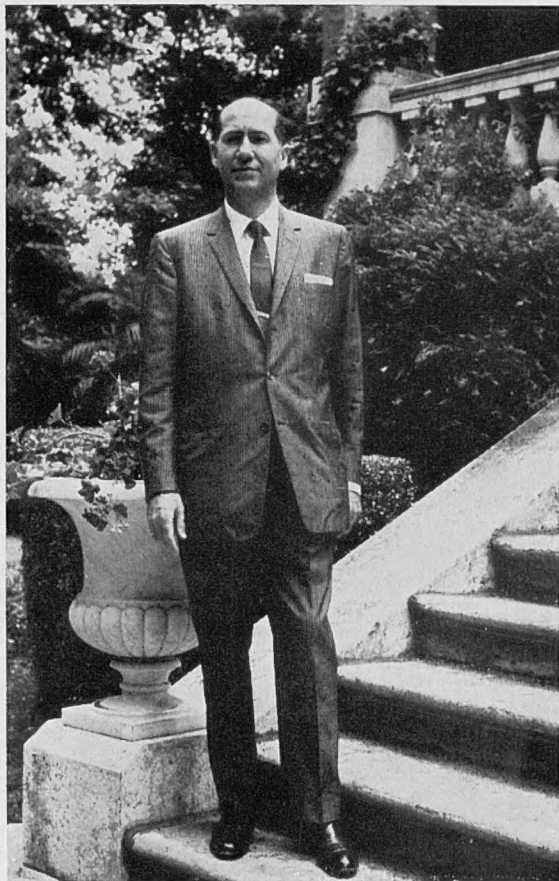
Desmond O'Neill



THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS' 97th exhibition was held at the Royal Institute galleries in Piccadilly. Among the visitors were (*first picture*) Miss E. A. Richardson, a physiotherapist, and Mrs. L. V. Raymonde. Behind them is a portrait of Mrs. Raymonde's son by Miss Sybil Trist. Miss Karen Hosp (*second picture*, with Mr. James Sellick) had a painting of Pixholme Mill in the exhibition.

With Lady Wheeler (wife of the President of the Royal Academy), in the *third picture*, is Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the actor. The seahorse in bronze was by Miss Margaret J. Wrightson. *Fourth picture*: Dame Laura Knight, R.A., president of the Society of Women Artists showed several paintings, including one of Liberty Horses

wife (second picture). Another prize-winner was British painter S. W. Hayter (third picture, on the right of Sir Philip Hendy, chairman of the British Council's fine-arts committee). Some of the prizes, including Mr. Armitage's, were provided by the foundation established by Mr. David E. Bright (fourth picture), an art collector from California



Dr. R. H. Schloss

in Venice and in London



Ode to the ill wind

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

SING a song of wild elation! Whistle an impulsive tune!

Here's a note from my beloved—sweet of her to write so soon!

"... Something that I ought to tell you ... hope you won't be too surprised ...

... Let's be sensible about it ... couldn't we be civilized ... ?"

Words apparently denoting more than just a lover's tiff—

Bang between the lines the message: "Sorry, but you bore me stiff."

Life without her ... what a prospect ... how shall I exist? And yet

Possibly the circumstances render an excuse to get Stinking as a little earwig in a blue chrysanthemum, Snarling as a brontosaurus. Bacchus, baby, here I come!

Stagger to the corner-cupboard, pale and panting to begin.

Hell! There isn't any whisky!

Blast! There isn't any gin!





Morrison-Andersson

Froekken Marianne Helmgavd Andersson, daughter of Director Helmer Andersson & Mrs. Andersson of Landskrona, Sweden, married Mr. William Ian Morrison, son of Mr. John Morrison, C.B.E., J.P., & Mrs. Morrison, of Glasgow, in Sweden



Nall-Cain—Palmer

The Hon. Katherine Palmer, daughter of the late Viscount Wolmer and of the Hon. Mrs. Legh, Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, married the Hon. David Nall-Cain, younger son of Lord & Lady Brocket, of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Rankin—Dewhurst

Miss Susan Dewhurst, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Hugh & the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, Dungarthill, Dunkeld, Perthshire, married Mr. Alick Rankin, son of Lt.-Col. Niall & Lady Jean Rankin, Treshnish, Isle of Mull, at St. John's Kirk, Perth



Wells—Harcourt

The Hon. Virginia Harcourt, daughter of Viscount Harcourt and the Hon. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, married Mr. J. F. Wells, son of Mrs. A. Q. Wells, at St. Michael & All Angels, Stanton Harcourt, Oxon



Phillips—Mitchell

Miss Emily Alice Mitchell, daughter of Colonel & Mrs. R. L. Mitchell, Victoria, B.C., Canada, married Mr. Peter Warren Phillips, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. P. Phillips, Mill Hill, at Christ Church, Mayfair

SOCIAL JOURNAL

I join 800 at a duchess's ball

by JENNIFER

MISS SARAH NORMAN, an attractive girl, wore a dream dress of white tulle embroidered with sequins at the coming-out ball which the Duchess of Sutherland and her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman, gave for her at Sutton Place, Surrey. The lovely home of the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland is a superb setting for a ball, and each one I have been to here has been outstanding. The Duchess, enchanting in a rose and white printed taffeta dress, had personally arranged the exquisite flowers all over the house, and organized everything to perfection. She is a wonderful hostess and was in no way perturbed at having a party of more than 30 friends staying in the house, and a dinner party of 80 guests before the dance. The Duke of Sutherland, always a charming host, was quietly going round chatting to the guests, and Mr. Willoughby Norman and the Hon. Mrs. Norman (the joint hostess who looked charming in an apricot faille dress) were indefatigable.

Dancing took place in the long panelled library and out of doors on a small floor that had been laid beside the walled-in swimming pool, where a coloured steel band played. This is one of the best designed and prettiest swimming pools in the country and had been cleverly lit to look like fairyland for the occasion. Guests—there were 800—sat out in the baronial hall and other sitting-rooms where they were able to admire the pictures and furniture.

Among the large number of young people I saw Sarah's brother, Mr. Jeremy Norman, just back for the long vacation from America where he is a student at Harvard, and their cousins Miss Miranda Burke (who had a coming-out dance at her grandmother, the Hon. Lady Norman's, Surrey home last month) and Miss Meriel Burke. The Duchess of Sutherland's charming young son Mr. Michael Dunkerly was also there, busy helping his mother, also her sister Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel. Among the débutantes were Lady Davina Pepys in white, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Georgina Ward pretty in the white lace dress she wore at her own coming-out ball, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Miranda Smiley, Miss Philippa Drummond, the Hon. Eliza Guinness, Miss Davina Nutting, the Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper, Miss Penelope Riches, Lady Serena Dundas, Miss Sally Croker-Poole and Lady Caroline Townshend.

The Aga Khan was an escort

Others included Miss Georgina Milner, Miss Irene Martinez-Salas, Miss Davan Adams, Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Celia Wenger, Miss Georgina Scott and Miss Zia Foxwell. Slightly older girls included Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Miss Patricia Rawlings, who both came out last year, Miss Cherry Huggins who was dancing with Cdr. Mike Parker, and Miss Mary Gold who was dancing with Viscount Reidhaven. Among the other young men were the Marquess of Dufferin & Ava and Viscount Elveden, who both dined at Sutton before the dance, Viscount Royston and the Hon. David Verney who both have those great assets, a wonderful sense of humour and charming manners, the Aga Khan, Mr. Bobbie Buxton, Lord Ashley, Lord Dundas, Mr. Malcolm Burr, Mr. John Kemp-Welch, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, and the Hon. Shaun Plunket, who rescued Mr. John Hignett and his passenger Miss Sally Croker-Poole when Mr. Hignett's car hit a lamp standard on the way home.

The Duke of Sutherland's niece and heir-presumptive, Mrs. Charles Jansen, looked attractive in red. His brother-in-law the Earl of



Mr. & Mrs. David Hoskyns after their wedding

TWO LONDON WEDDINGS

I went to two pretty London weddings. At the Hyde Park Hotel Mr. Justice & Lady Barry held a reception (pictures on this page) after the marriage at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, of their daughter Sheelagh to Mr. David Hoskyns, son of the late Lt.-Col. C. B. A. Hoskyns & Mrs. Hoskyns. The bride wore a dress of white guipure lace and white faille, with her tulle veil held by a coronet of guipure lace. She also had a retinue of children, the little girls in long white organdie dresses embroidered in blue, and the page in white shirt and long white trousers with a deep blue cummerbund and bow tie. They were Margaret Renshaw, Anita Remlinger, Georgina Glover, Sally Levy, Angela Burt and David Armstrong. Guests included many young girls who came out the same year as the bride, and many friends from the legal world.

The other wedding (picture on page 12), earlier the same afternoon, was that of Mr. Jasper Clutterbuck, son of the late Mr. Hugh Clutterbuck & Mrs. Clutterbuck, and Miss Susan Birnie, daughter of Col. & Lady Kathleen Birnie, at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride, who

has trained in couture, designed her own ivory-satin wedding dress, one of the prettiest I have ever seen. With it she wore a diamond coronet to hold her long tulle veil. She, too, had a retinue of tiny children—Annabel Griffith, Emma Renton, Benjamin Clutterbuck, Mark Akroyd, Nicholas de Lotbinière and Rupert Ponsonby. The little girls wore long white organza dresses and headdresses of white flowers, and the pages had white shirts with lace ruffles and long peacock blue velvet trousers.

A reception was given at the House of Commons (by courtesy of Sir Fergus Graham) and here I saw the bridegroom's mother, who wore a green wild silk coat over a beige dress and hat to match, and Lady Kathleen Birnie, in navy blue, greeting guests with Col. Birnie. The bride's uncle and aunt, the Earl & Countess of Devon, Mr. Raymond Greene and his débutante daughter Annabel, Mrs. Croker-Poole and her son Anthony who is up at Cambridge, Mrs. Constance Critchley, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Mr. Eustace Robb and Mr. Timothy Clutterbuck, who was best man, were others there.



Mr. Justice Haver and Mrs. Bertram Reece (wife of the Bow-st. magistrate)



Desmond O'Neill
Mr. Justice Barry, the bride's father, and Mrs. C. B. A. Hoskyns, the bridegroom's mother



Mr. Guy Mansell (his mother plays polo)
with his godmother, Mrs. T. A. G. Pritchard



Count & Countess Alphonse Kinsky. She
has just returned from France



Mr. & Mrs. W. H. D. Riley-Smith. He plays
polo for Brewhurst

Mr. Geoffrey Cross, secretary of the
Household Brigade Polo Club, Surgeon
Lt.-Col. E. W. Hayward and Mrs. Cross

Mr. P. G. Palumbo, a member of the
winning Oxford University team, with
Miss Denia Wigan

Mr. L. A. Lucas, of the Hertfordshire Polo
Club, Mr. E. Lalor, the Argentinian polo
player, and Miss Luisa Nelson



Dudley was there with his sons and daughters-in-law, Viscount & Viscountess Ednam and the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward. Among other friends at this gracious ball were the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland, the First Lord of the Admiralty the Earl of Selkirk & the Countess of Selkirk, and that live personality Mr. Adlai Stevenson in tremendous form. He was spending a long weekend in England *en route* for Russia: the Minister for Defence Mr. Duncan Sandys, Lord & Lady Lovat, Vicomte d'Orthez and Lord & Lady Dynevor who were all among the house party at Sutton, the lovely Countess of Ronaldshay who brought on her dinner party of 16 young guests, the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava & Judge John Maude and her brother-in-law and sister Mr. & Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar, who had just arrived from New York, and the Countess of Bessborough whose husband's recently published book *A Place In The Forest* has been well reviewed.

Incidentally, one of the books I have enjoyed reading most this year is that written by our host, the Duke of Sutherland, called *Looking Back* and published by Odhams. It is well written and full of interesting facts and anecdotes

The guest list was dazzling

Others at the ball included the Begum Aga Khan, an elegant figure in jade green chiffon who was escorted by Lord Killearn to watch the dancing beside the swimming pool, Lady Killearn who was dancing, Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray who brought a party, the Earl & Countess of Hardwicke, Lord & Lady Balfour of Inchrye, and her brother Mr. John Profumo, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office & Mrs. Profumo, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P. and his wife, the Hon. Neville & Mrs. Berry, Viscount & Viscountess Lewisham, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, the Hon. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Ward, Mme. Emmie de Heeren, Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar, Lord & Lady Ennisdale who brought a party, Mme. Manuel Bianchi, Mr. & Mrs. David Drummond, Mr. & Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, the Aly Khan dancing with Lady Sudeley, Mr. Philip Colville who was motoring on to sail his Dragon at Cowes next day, Lord Dunsany, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Brigadier & Mrs. Derek Schreiber, Mr. David Lloyd Lowles, Swedish-born Mrs. McLeod over on a visit from South Africa, and Mr. & Mrs. Dick Fahey. Sarah's grandmother the

Hon. Lady Norman was there, also her uncles and aunts Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. & Mrs. Aubrey Burke, Mr. Michael & the Hon. Mrs. Gold, Air Vice-Marshal & the Hon. Mrs. Somerled Macdonald and Major & the Hon. Mrs. Michael Woodbine Parish.

A new kind of water music

I motored down to the Hotel de Paris at Bray where Mrs. Derek Hague and Mrs. Ian Skimming gave a delightful dance for their débutante daughters Miss Harriet Nares and Miss Caroline Butler. The restaurant was decorated with festoons of flame-coloured silk organza shot with silver and garlands of pink roses, and the stairs were entwined with green foliage. Out on the lawn the trees were floodlit, and little fairy lights twinkled on the small island in the middle of the river and were reflected from the clear, still water. Two electric launches with professional helmsmen came alongside the bank to take guests for short trips up the river, and there were a number of punts about. Happily it was one of the hottest nights of the summer so this was an ideal setting, and guests could enjoy sitting out on the lawn with relayed dance music lilting on the air.

Later in the night a raft floated down the river carrying a steel band to which young guests could also dance—an original and effective idea. Among guests I saw Lady Rachel Davidson, the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, Mrs. Robert Garret, Major & Mrs. David Drummond, the Vicomte d'Orthez talking to the Duke & Duchess of Leeds, Brig. & Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, and Harriet's grandmother Mrs. Patrick Rohan and her great-grandmother Mrs. E. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, both enjoying the dance and meeting many friends. Among a large number of the younger set I noticed Lady Caroline Townshend, Miss Christa Slater, a pretty girl who had her coming-out dance in Warwickshire two nights before, Caroline's cousin Mr. Tom Craig, Miss Georgina Turner and the Hon. Camilla Jessel. The dance went on until daylight, and at Royal Ascot next day many people were saying it was one of the gayest of the season.

The following evening Mr. & Mrs. Henry de Laszlo kindly lent their charming house at Englefield Green for the small dance which Mrs. Frederick Versen gave for her daughter Miss Alexandra Versen, who wore for the event a white chiffon dress patterned with roses. The house is full of lovely pictures, many of them painted by the well-known artist, the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo. Pink and blue flowers

ROYALTY AT WINDSOR POLO

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended a cocktail party on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, at which Prince Philip and the chairman and committee of the Household Brigade Polo Club were the hosts, on the Saturday of Royal Ascot week. The Queen missed it as she had gone down to see Prince Charles on Cheam School's sports day. Prince Philip, who had been playing, was at the party early and with his usual eye to efficiency walked round to see that everything was going smoothly. He had no worries—it was a beautifully run affair. I met the two de Bono brothers from Malta, Edward & Tony, who are both studying medicine at Oxford. They had been playing in the Oxford polo team which earlier that afternoon had defeated Cambridge by six goals to five.

Others I saw included Lord Evans, the Earl & Countess Cathcart, Lady Cornwallis who came with Major & Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Leacocke over from Barbados who came with Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Alan de Pass, Earl Bathurst, Miss Susie Olivier, Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Langrishe over for Ascot week from Ireland where they farm in Co. Meath, Mr. & Mrs. Walker Leigh and their daughter Vanya, and Sir Anthony & Lady Meyer. He has just returned from Moscow where he was our Embassy, and is now working at the Foreign Office. Also there were Col. "Copper" Blackett, Rajah Hanut Singh who broke his nose in a polo accident recently, Count & Countess Czernin, & Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland, and Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Cross. Mr. Cross, an able organizer, had helped to make this an enjoyable party.

Queen Mother presented the trophy to A. de Bono of the Oxford University team which beat Cambridge in the inter-University match



Desmond O'Neill

decorated the ballroom and yellow flowers the sitting-out room. Among the many young people enjoying the evening were Mr. Philip de Laszlo, grandson of the artist, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Mr. Richard Staines, Miss Felicity Fearnley-Whittingstall, Mr. Anthony Mayhew, Miss Sally O'Rourke and Mr. David Davenport.

Gold Cup day excitements

Now for a flashback to Royal Ascot. The Gold Cup was won by American Mr. McShain's brilliant mare Gladness trained in Ireland by Mr. Vincent O'Brien. Later that day hats came off and there was tremendous cheering when the Queen's colt Restoration won the valuable King Edward VII stakes. The Queen, looking charming and elated, in a sky blue wild silk coat and dress and tiny hat to match, came into the unsaddling enclosure to see the winner and congratulate her trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. Prince Philip had left for the polo ground before this victory, but the Queen Mother came down to see the winner. She looked a picture in shell pink chiffon and lace and Princess Margaret, too, was charming in a cornflower blue taffeta coat and little cap made of cornflowers. With them were the Duchess of Kent wearing a short mink jacket over her

dress with a cap made of large roses, and Lady Patricia Ramsay elegant in grey with touches of black. The Queen had a second winner at the meeting when Snow Cat won on the last day.

With the exception of the Wednesday it was a cold and damp Ascot. On Gold Cup day summer coats were more frequently seen than summer dresses although some hardy ladies did wear the latter. There were also several flimsy décolleté models which resembled evening more than day dresses and looked all wrong. In the Diplomatic box I saw Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, and their daughter Miss Evie Prebensen, the Swedish Ambassador & Mme. Hägglöf, the latter looking chic, the Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, also extremely chic in a royal blue and black print, Princess Fatima Zahara, wife of the Moroccan Ambassador, the Venezuelan Ambassador and his pretty daughter Mme. de Salinas, the Iranian Chargé d'Affairs, M. and Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, and Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones.

White's Club tent, so handy in the paddock, had this year a black and white muslin lining as a compliment to *My Fair Lady*! It was packed each day. Among those who enjoyed the warmth and television were the Duchess of Argyll escorted by the German Ambassador, the Earl & Countess of Ranfurly, the Earl of Dudley, Mrs. John Ward, the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel who had a house party for Ascot, the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward, Major Stanley Cayzer, the Hon. Hugh & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Major Deris Wood, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. & Mrs. Jackie Thursby who shared a house at Ascot for the week with the Earl & Countess of Sefton, Mrs. Pretzlik, Mr. & Mrs. Robin McAlpine with Col. & Mrs. Basil Eugster, and Col. the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry who were flying back to Cyprus two days later. The Duke of Norfolk, who was one of the stewards with the Earl of Derby, Lord Howard de Walden, the Marquess of Abergavenny and Sir Randle Feilden, is also the Queen's representative at Ascot and throughout the year takes infinite pains to make this one of the finest racecourses in the world. The Duchess of Norfolk was there and their daughters Lady Anne and Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, also their cousins Miss Carolyn and Miss Diana Constable Maxwell.

Others I saw racing included Sir Winston Churchill, the Earl & Countess Cathcart (he was largely responsible for the success of the Scots Guards ball at Windsor on the Thursday evening), Sir Eric Miéville who was in the Royal house party, Lord & Lady George



CHRISTENING.—Mrs. Dino Daponte with her baby Sarah Amanda, who was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. With them is Susan, Mrs. Daponte's elder daughter. After the christening a party was held in the House of Lords

A. V. Swaebø

Cholmondeley whose nice colt Supreme Joy ran second at the meeting, Lord & Lady Glentoran, the Duke & Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford, Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn lunching with Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell talking to the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny, Earl & Countess Cadogan, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant, Lord & Lady Cromwell and Sir Malcolm & Lady McAlpine and Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick home for the summer from South Africa.

Others there included Lady Doughty, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony who runs the famous Cygnet's House, Lady Mountain very chic in a beige silk coat and hat, the lovely Marquise de Miramon in a cerise taffeta coat accompanied by her daughter Eliane and Mlle. Irene Martinez-Salas, Mrs. David Keith in black and Sir Simon & Lady Marks who have a house near Ascot and entertained friends before and after racing each day.

Also Mr. & Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy over from Ireland, Mrs. Ivan Lynch, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Forsyth-Forrest, Mr. & Mrs. Warwick Daw, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Mrs. Peter Black, Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, Mr. & Mrs. John Stephenson and their son-in-law and pretty daughters Mr. & Mrs. John Thouron, Mrs. Bea Moresby and Major & Mrs. Hugh Rose. I also saw Col. & Mrs. Raoul Robin, Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow, Sir David & Lady Evans-Bevan (he was given a baronetcy in the last Birthday Honours), Sir Peter & Lady Grant Lawson with Admiral Sir Ralph

& Lady Edwards, Major & Mrs. Herbert Holt (she won a race at the Ascot Heath meeting on Saturday with her game two-year-old Tesso), Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, the Duke of Atholl, Cdr. Colin Buist, Lord & Lady Lyle of Westbourne, her brother Sir Adrian Jarvis who gave his usual good cocktail party on the Wednesday night, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Jarvis, Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goltsmid, Major John & Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan who were sharing a house with Mr. & Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, and Sir Hugh & Lady Dawson who gave a cocktail party on the eve of Ascot in London, and had a big family party with them on Gold Cup day.



Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Clutterbuck after their wedding at the Guards Chapel (described by Jennifer on page 9)

Rochampton golf

The Open Mixed Foursome competition at Rochampton Club, in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association, was a great success. The chief prize was the Frankland Moore challenge cup. Sixty-four pairs played—in fact there were more entries than could be fitted in even with a 9 a.m. start. The joint presidents, the Earl of Ancaster (who is also National President of B.L.E.S.M.A.) and the Countess of Hardwicke, presented the trophies to the prize-winners who included the Earl of Ancaster's sister Lady Priscilla Aird. She was partnered by Lord Allerton and they won the first handicap in the afternoon with a score of 71½. The winners of the first handicap in the morning were Group Capt. B. W. S. Smith with Mrs. D. A. McClure who were also 71½. The winners of the first scratch match in the morning were Mr. E. M. Pollitt and Miss M. Glidewell, while Group Capt. Douglas Bader and Mrs. A. C. Critchley won the second scratch.

Others playing in this competition, which raised a fine sum for B.L.E.S.M.A., were Mr. Murrough O'Brien, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel, Mr. Peter Cadbury, Mrs. John Beck, the Marchioness of Northampton, Mr. Gerald Micklem and Mrs. Don Allom who won the third all day scratch, Mr. & Mrs. Bonallack who were also winners, Viscount Gage and Mrs. Shaw.

An amusing cricket match is to be held at Tichborne Park, Alresford, on Sunday 13 July in aid of the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Boys Clubs. Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne will captain a team against a mixed eleven captained by Mr. Terence Rattigan, which will include such stars as Denis Compton and Rex Harrison



NEWS PORTRAITS





PAPAL The President of Eire, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly (*above*), was invested by the Papal Nuncio to Ireland, Mgr. Albert Levae, with the Gold Collar of the Piaa Order. This is a new Order, created by the Pope, who chose Mr. O'Kelly as the first person to be honoured with it

PUPIL Princess Fadhila (*left*), who is soon to marry King Feisal of Iraq. She is descended on her father's side from Mohammed Ali of Egypt and on her mother's from the last Ottoman caliph, Abdul Majid. Her parents live in Turkey. She is a pupil at Heathfield School, and this picture was taken at the Royal Tournament

POPULAR Sir Alexander Grantham (*right*), for ten years Governor of Hong Kong, has at last returned home to London. He was appointed Governor in 1947 for five years, but his term of office was extended four times by popular request





Which would you choose?
Left: a conventional "dull, dwarf-walled" Tudor-bethan house. Right: Small terrace houses at Blackheath, designed by Eric Lyons, who believes that the house should fit into its surroundings

The menace of mock-Tudor

Inside the home since the war there has been a design revolution—but the revolution has yet to reach the house itself



CAN YOU TELL a cat's grandmother? Or, to be more precise, can you tell that she is a grandmother? If you can, then the enterprising makers of a brand of cat food may reward you with a £4,000 house. But ...the prize is mock-Tudor, tile-hung and multi-gabled—an estate agent's dream. For though good modern architecture first reached this country more than 20 years ago in the form of the private house, we still put up houses that cling to a vaguely cosy-cum-sentimental past.

Why is this? Public demand? Not entirely. Just consider what has happened to public demand for things *inside* the home. After the South Bank Exhibition of 1951 had brought colour, gaiety and good design into our lives, more and more manufacturers of furniture, fabrics and household goods began to call in first-class designers. By 1956 the Council of Industrial Design, which had been working for twelve years to improve design standards, was able to set up a Design Centre in London. And now 2,300 people go there every day to look for the sort of things they would like in their houses.

Do these people want to wrap well-designed furniture and fabrics in the ugly

skins of spec-built horrors? Most of them have little choice. Since the Housing Ministry brought the spec-builder back, and allowed him to continue his pre-war habits of mutilating the countryside, many house-hunters have had to make do with dreary brick boxes. A few were more fortunate and were given the better-designed council houses. Some of these are internationally famous—notably the work of Tayler and Green for Loddon, in Norfolk, and the schemes by the L.C.C. Architect's Department, whose estates at Roehampton and elsewhere are among the most remarkable local authority buildings in the world.

But what of the people who do not qualify for council housing, and cannot afford to build their own houses or to acquire old "residences of character." Are they doomed to live in dull, dwarf-walled neo-Tudor estates? Until recently it seemed that they were. But very slowly things are changing. Here and there good design is breaking through, to the surprise and consternation of its most violent opponents—the local planning-committees and the building societies. (The planning-committees, usually made up of laymen, are continually rejecting good designs—and, in fact, the Minister of Housing has recently been considering architects' complaints about the farcical system of aesthetic control by these blunder-

How a good modern design blends with the landscape. This house, on Oulton Broad, is by Tayler & Green, of Lowestoft



by KENNETH ROBINSON

*formerly, for several years, chief assistant
editor of the Architects' Journal*

ing amateurs. As for the dear old building societies—well, to them everything progressive is “eccentric.” Some of them even make it a rule not to approve of anything that lacks a hipped roof and a gable or two.)

The one architect who has really broken through the housing design-barrier, and has made the way easier for others who are following him in a smaller way, is Eric Lyons, the architect to Span Developments Ltd., a firm whose remarkable housing “for professional people” at Ham Common, Blackheath and elsewhere is constantly being studied by architect-visitors to this country. Eric Lyons believes that the countryside is being contaminated not only by the average spec-builder’s work, but also by any row of houses that is not designed as a group, however brilliant the architect for each house might be. In his view, the designer of an individual house has no chance of adding something worth while to the landscape, unless the site is large enough to avoid collisions of architectural styles.

In his own terraces of similar small houses or flats he has avoided the monotony of the corridor-street by building around courtyards, and giving his housing a feeling of intimacy and urbanity. He has been responsible not only for the design of the buildings, but also for the landscaping, the street furniture and so on. And to make sure that

the common spaces and structures are well maintained, “Span” has evolved an ingenious system of leasehold purchase which makes the inhabitants responsible as paying members of a residents’ society for looking after the estates.

Most of the houses and flats in these estates cost about £3,000, but the same firm and architect have produced some interesting £6,000 terrace-houses at Blackheath. These have something of the quality of the Georgian terrace, without such inconveniences as the basement kitchen and the poky servants’ bedrooms. They are more handsome to look at than similarly-priced houses, spaced ridiculously as they so often are at intervals of a few yards. And they have even more outdoor privacy than the usual walled-garden would give because, in addition to the front and back courtyards, they have well-screened sun-balconies and *internal* patios.

As Eric Lyons and “Span” continue to develop their ideas—and they do so with the persistence of industrial designers and manufacturers who are anxious to know the market for their goods and to rationalize the manufacturing process—it becomes clear that “spec-builder” need not be a dirty word. It becomes clear, too, that both builders and architects would benefit from collaboration on such a scale. And, of course, the countryside would benefit as well. But it will be a long time before housing layouts of this quality are an accepted thing. Every would-be developer will have to fight against local authority prejudice, against the extra-

ordinary feeling that every successful man *ought* to want not only the snob value of living in a detached house, even if it nearly touches its neighbour, but also the Good Taste label that is so widely accepted as a little bit of pseudo-Tudor, a hint of the neo-Georgian or an acre or two of stained glass.

The conclusion is a sad one. For the time being those who know a cat’s grandmother when they see one might just as well own up—and take the half-timbered consequences.



How to avoid “the monotony of the corridor-street.” In these flats at Ham Common, Surrey, Eric Lyons builds around courtyards

I. COWAN DOBSON

Portrait painters of today

by DAVID WOLFERS

WIFE OF A MEMBER OF LLOYD'S: MRS. JOHN PETTIFER



FAVOURITE MODEL: PHYLLIS DOBSON

THERE are those who maintain, particularly on the Continent, that painting and the British character do not go together. We are, it is argued, a nation with a strong poetic and literary tradition but for some reason lacking a distinctive feeling for the visual arts. This is not a view I share. Constable, Turner, Gainsborough and Sickert, to mention a few, have firm and lasting reputations. And today the painter's art flourishes. Among living painters the name of Sir Matthew Smith stands out; but there is ample promise among the younger generation—promise of an original talent in the best English tradition.

The art of portraiture is well founded here. The lineage can be traced from Hogarth to Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Lawrence, Sargent, Augustus John and Henry Lamb. Our painters tend to be divided between the Academicians and those who prefer to show at the smaller galleries.

Now in his sixties, Cowan Dobson is a well established portrait painter who occupies a half-way position between the poles of the Academy and the individualist painter. He is in the Academy tradition, has shown often at the R.A., and yet has not joined its ranks. He must have been one of the youngest painters ever to have work accepted (his first work was hung when he was only 19). Now he is having a show at Leighton House, adjacent to Holland Park, Kensington—a show which for some reason he has pronounced to be his last. This house provides a gracious setting for the paintings, most of them portraits.

Dobson is a man who respects the technique of painting and regards portraiture as a science as much as an art. Unlike many painters he spurns the use of photographs and even of preliminary drawings. He starts with the brush and ends with the brush. His favourite subject: beautiful women. His principal sitter: his wife. He has painted her more than 100 times.

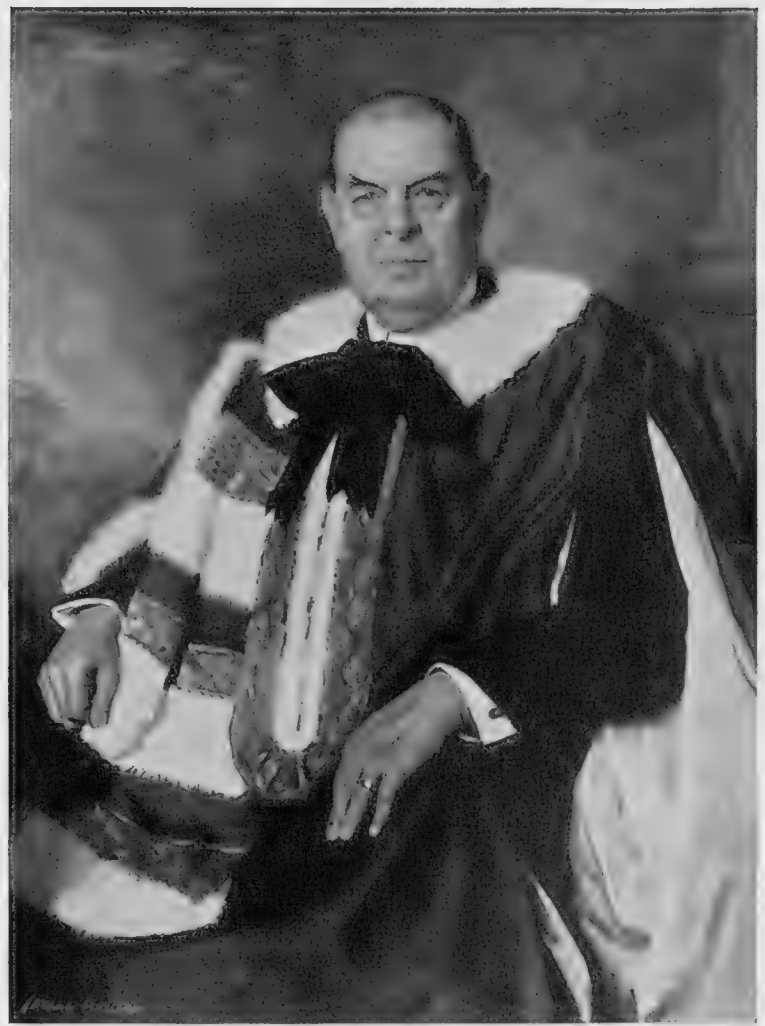
Mr. Dobson's current exhibition, though mainly of portraits, also contains nudes, charcoal drawings and flower paintings. The artist believes that the subject should come first but that any worthwhile portrait will inevitably bear the imprint of the painter's personality as well. The vision of the artist must be apparent though it should not dominate the personality of the subject.

Every painter has hobbies and Mr. Dobson's is conjuring. In his work he has always found it easy to get a likeness. It is as if his "magic" sleight of hand remained with him in the studio.

ANOTHER PAINTER IN THIS SERIES SHORTLY



ACTRESS: HEATHER SEARS



SAVINGS CHIEF: VISCOUNT MACKINTOSH OF HALIFAX



INDUSTRIALIST: MR. GUY VANSITTART (OF VAUXHALL MOTORS)



EX-PRIME MINISTER: EARL ATLEE, K.G



Memories of my dancing class

The Roundabout commentary this week is a piece of nostalgia inspired by the visit of a ballet critic to the Royal Ballet School

by CARYL BRAHMS

IT TOOK PLACE at the Masonic Hall on Wednesdays, my dancing class; and Wednesday lit my week. A visit the other day to the Royal Ballet School—now so handsomely established at historic White Lodge in Richmond Park—took me back to the time when, a human pendulum, I swung between hope and despair at Madame la Jardiniere's Toe and Ballroom classes.

To arrive there we had to travel five and a half miles across a tidal island by donkey-cart, row-boat and honest plod. This brought us to the mainland where we caught a train to the seaside town where the weekly shopping had to be done before class. But it was worth the wait at the ferry (often wet), the wait at the station (always cold), and the dark journey home lugging the heavy shopping baskets. For if I had done well; if, by some miracle, my *arabesque* had contrived to become arrow-straight and steady overnight, my *entrechat* taken high and cut precisely and my *porte-de-bras* crowned by Madame la Jardiniere's "Queenly, dear girlie!" . . . why, then I walked and waited and lugged through the night on air—squelchy, easterly Essex air. Usually, however, the journey back was earthbound.

Looking back to those high ecstasies and dark defeats I realize that already I was formulating the philosophy that still upholds me. Next week would bring another Wednesday. Next Wednesday I would do better. Already I could start ticking off the days.

I lived for Wednesdays—happy when I

was practising, furious if the weekly shopping caused me to miss a single thump of the thump-tinkle-tinkle of the adenoidal classroom piano; one thud of the thud-thud-thud of the thudding dancers, or one sniff of the glorious smell of ballet-shoes and resin.

Most of the other girls were taken to class



White Lodge, in Richmond Park, now houses the Royal Ballet School

by their mothers; splendid ladies in firm hats who would wait and watch and tap proud toes to the irresistible beat of "The Passing of Salome" waltz and smile encouragingly at a dedicated daughter, wiping her brow with an eau-de-cologne-sprinkled handkerchief during the breaks.

But my own mother was almost always ailing and I was escorted by Martha who had

been with my mother longer than I had and was everything to us both. Martha would sit by herself, not tapping, not smiling, but—oh, the bitter, the burning shame of it!—nodding off to sleep, poor soul, with her mouth wide open. *Thump-tinkle-tinkle* went the piano. *Thud-thud-thud*—us on the shiny parquet floor. And Martha, strongly, steadily, almost thirstily and quite understandably snored. Ah, well—next week would come and with it Wednesday. And next Wednesday Martha would stay awake and smile proudly while I was called out to demonstrate my beautifully executed *pirouettes* to the class.

Despite fatigue brought on by the excitement, by the long, cold and often wet journey and all the weekly shopping, I worked like a fiend in class. All that effort and vigour could do to make a future ballerina out of one destined to become instead a future writer about ballerinas went into my magic Wednesday hour. And I must have made some hard-fought progress, because one day I found myself transferred to Madame la Jardiniere's Professional & Perfection Class.

Now I had to work with girls who had private lessons and were given a solo to dance at the yearly display at the local hospital for the benefit of patients who had come through worse than this.

We were, or so we thought, a talented lot.

We had our Margot Fonteyn—her name was Fanny Gibbs. Fanny, the only girl in real silk tights, dazzled her classmates with all of two turns on the *pointe*. Our Beryl Grey



BRIGGS

by Graham



Alan Vines

was Polly Jones, a scraggy girl who never missed her "Queenly, dear girlie," and later married the curate. Our Anya Linden was an up-and-coming five-year-old ("a second Fanny Gibbs," the mothers said) who kicked off a toe-shoe at the hospital display and had to be carried screaming out of the ward.

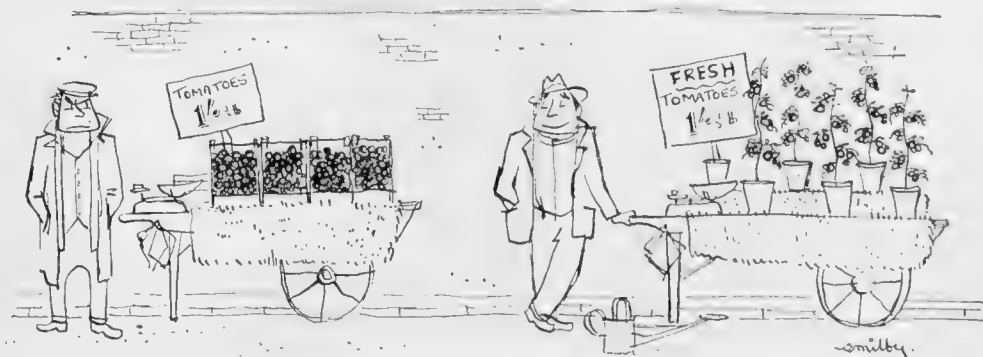
And I, too, had my moment of glory before boarding-school claimed my Wednesdays and Ballroom became the order of the dancing-class day. A very wobbly "swan" in a very prickly white *tu-tu*, I danced with my "hunterman"—a fine, sonsy girl in scarlet sateen—on the hospital lawn before the gracious lady (I suspect on this occasion she may have been a "good gracious!" lady) who is now the Princess Royal.

Far away and long ago, those Wednesdays lit my week. But I look back gratefully now on the majestic figure of Madame la Jardiniere in her short black gym tunic, with her "and one-two-three—one-two-three—smile-two-three—smile-two-three"; to the pianist in the large black hat that was as much a part of the music she played for us as were the crisp, rolled arpeggios, and the cold in her nose; to the stretching, bending, bracing, holding that is the classroom routine of every dancer—even the once-a-week dancer—and to that ineffable smell of ballet shoes and resin.

They were my Wednesdays. Nothing can take them from me. And they have their part in my past, my present, and, I hope, my future.

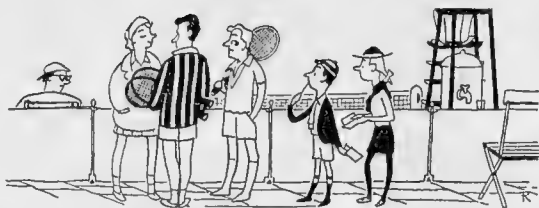
The tousled Texan who stormed Moscow with his music

The tousle-haired young man at the piano is 23-year-old Van Cliburn, the Texan who won the Moscow International Tchaikovsky Piano Contest—a triumph comparable to Liszt's début in St. Petersburg a century ago. He went home to a Broadway ticker-tape welcome. Van Cliburn is at present appearing in Europe, and this picture was taken when he went to London's Steinway Hall to choose a piano for his concert at the Albert Hall. Behind him sits his mother, who was his first music teacher



TENNIS

The big fortnight began with clouds over the eve-of-tournament party at Hurlingham, and umbrellas in the stands at Wimbledon, where play was delayed



AT HURLINGHAM rain prevented play. Above: Captain A. du S. Innes Watson, Jane Lady Cook and Mr. Ian Paul



Brigadier Sir John Smyth, V.C., and Lady Smyth. He is on the committee of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain



Miss Jeanne Law, Brigadier Dan Russell and Miss Marian Walker. Miss Law and Brigadier Russell are members of the Hurlingham club



Mr. Gardner Mulloy, the American player, signed his autograph for Elizabeth Newton-Smith and Meriel Talbot

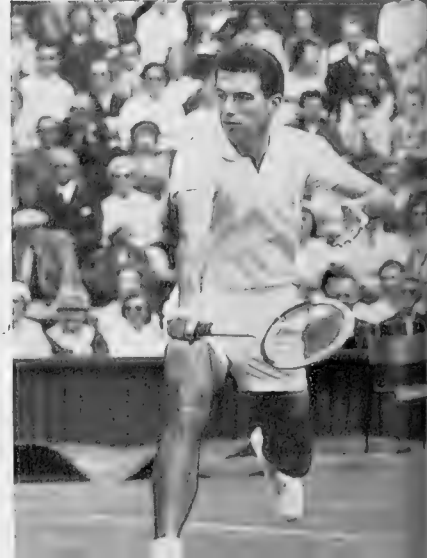


Mrs. C. D. Steele, wife of an American hotel-owner, Miss Pamela Steele and Mrs. Valda Avory (her husband is a former blue)



Miss Nida Machin and her fiancé, Mr. O. S. Prenn (former British boys' singles champion), and his mother Mrs. C. Prenn

AT WIMBLEDON rain delayed the start on the first day. Below: Mr. N. Pietrangeli of Italy with Mr. V. Petrovic



Ashley Cooper of Australia won the opening match on the Centre Court, defeating G. Owen of Britain

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Dollar Academy, showing the new science department opened this year

In England parents and politicians endlessly debate the educational system. In Scotland they just watch with a superior smile...

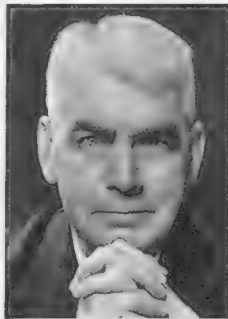
Scots say their schools are best

by ALEXANDER SELDON

THE Scots have for long convinced everyone that some of their products—namely salmon, tweed and whisky—are superior to everyone else's. Is this also true of their schooling, or is it a national hoax which has succeeded because of the fervour with which it is expressed? It is worth while asking this question because the Eleven-Plus system is causing much dissatisfaction with education in England—to say nothing of the Russian sputniks, which have led to doubts about the training of technicians capable of guiding Western man to the moon. Indeed, the Labour Party has just produced one more plan for reforming the schools. Is there, then, anything to be learnt from Scotland?

The pattern of schools in Scotland differs from the English system. The differences owe their origin to the Treaty of Union in 1707, which took care to say that the Union of the Parliaments was not to affect Scottish education. And the differences have developed ever since. True, there are "public schools" in Scotland similar to the foundations of Henry VII or William Wykeham in England, but they are few. They have been looked on as exotic growths. They have taken root, but they have not multiplied.

The main ones are Fettes, Loretto, Merchiston Castle, Glenalmond and Gordonstoun. Fettes is perhaps the most traditional, priding itself on producing lawyers and rugby players. Loretto claims to produce good all-rounders, and to retain its original conception of "a community living visibly according to the dictates of reason." Glenalmond, which was founded by Gladstone, remains remote and rural in the Perthshire Highlands. Merchiston Castle, with its fine modern buildings, recalls that up to a few decades ago it occupied the house where Napier invented logarithms. Gordonstoun, despite its great and growing reputation, is still young to be regarded as native. All the Scottish public schools have their own individuality but, apart from a more Spartan outlook to match the climate, they are not unlike their counterparts in England.



Old Watsonians: Mr. Speaker Morrison (left) and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir

The day schools are entirely different. The main independent foundations, such as George Watson's College, Glasgow Academy, and Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, have a standing and reputation of a kind with no exact equivalent in England. Watson's has produced more Cabinet Ministers than any other school except Eton. The present Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons are loyal Watsonians. Edinburgh Academy has been a seminary for the sons of professional men during the generations since Sir Walter Scott presided over its opening in 1824; few can

equal its recent scholarship record. There are similar schools in all the Scottish cities and in most of the large towns.

Unlike most English grammar schools, they are nearly all in varying degrees autonomous. Some, such as Edinburgh Academy and Melville College, are completely independent, while others, like the great schools owned by the Merchant Company, receive assistance from the local education authority but retain control over their own affairs. Another difference is that more sons of leading citizens are educated locally in Scotland than in England. While they may lack the benefits of corporate life acquired in a boarding school, their fathers would assert with vehemence that they are brought up with a much keener contemporary sense.

To an Englishman, however, the most astonishing thing about these Scottish schools is that most of them are comprehensive. The mention of "comprehensive schools" in England has come to arouse partisan passion. In Scotland they have long been taken for granted. In many of the Scottish schools boys enter at as early as five or six and go through the various forms in the same school until their schooldays end. There is no Eleven-Plus thumbscrew. Courses are provided for each according to his capacity; the scientists and the Latin versifiers benefit from the company of the athletes and vice versa. In the result the schoolboy's talents are developed in a singularly harmonious way.

Learning was one of the Scots' earliest gods and it has never been displaced. The number of boys reading Greek at Dundee High School, for example, has increased since the war. It may also be significant that Scotland has proportionately far more lawyers than England. But American companies that have set up industries in Scotland recently have been delighted with the high standard of technical education they have found. The Scotsman is essentially a realist and it follows that, without sacrificing their older traditions, schools in Scotland are already meeting new demands for advanced scientific training.

The moral for South Britain is perhaps that the more independence the foundations have to plan their programmes the better they will succeed. And there is then no need for arid arguments about what kind of boy should attend which school.

Loretto, one of Scotland's leading public schools, is to be visited by the Queen this month





Mrs. Philip de Zulueta, who is the daughter of Lord Windlesham, with her daughter Louise

The home of a premier's aide

A terrace house in Paultons Street, Chelsea, is the home of Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta. The son of Professor Francis de Zulueta, he is one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries.

In the drawing-room (*top, left*) are an Adam fireplace and mirror. The clock on the mantelshelf is French and was made 100 years ago. Above the bookcase is one of the Russian prints Mr. de Zulueta collected while serving with the British Embassy in Moscow. There are two more prints in the study (*bottom, left*) above the desk. The same photograph shows part of the drawing-room with a Buhl china cabinet, inlaid with gold and containing an early Meissen teapot, a yellow Ming plate, and an early 19th-century fan.

The early 19th-century candelabra in the dining-room (*left*) were originally owned by Mr. de Zulueta's great-great-grandfather, a Spanish senator.

Mrs. de Zulueta's bedroom (*below*) has white carpets and cyclamen-coloured walls. The portrait, by Potemkin, is of her father as a boy. On the shelf below it are miniature Dresden plates and an Italian Madonna.

Photographs by Desmond O'Hara





John Stenhouse (Headmaster's), Miss Susan Stenhouse, Mrs. J. Stenhouse and John Macpherson (The Knowle)

Mrs. W. O'Byrne with A. De Grunwald, son of Anatole De Grunwald, and D. S. Bhanubandh who comes from Thailand. Mrs. O'Byrne is in charge of Claremont preparatory school



A. Heber-Percy, Mrs. Oliver Poole (whose husband becomes a baron in the Birthday Honours) and Miss Zara Heber-Percy



Mrs. D. Gould and her son Nicholas (Moreton's) in the classical museum. He recited part of the Odyssey in Greek at Speeches



R. D. Brousse and P. R. Brousse with their mother



THE
TATLER

At Harrow

School's Speech Day

At Harrow's annual Speech Day the Headmaster, Dr. R. L. James, presented the pupils with their prizes in the Old Speech Room (left). This was the opening event, as "Bill" (or roll call) in the morning was cancelled because of rain. In the afternoon the band of the Irish Guards played on the school terrace. Below: Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Holt (he is a governor of Harrow School) with Dr. R. L. James



th in Newlands) with
Young

A. J. H. Chisholm, C. N. G. Blois (captain of school swimming) and J. P. V. Majdar. They made up the Headmaster's team, which won the Ducks race

Rufus Gunning (West Acre), Baroness Catherine Van den Branden de Reeth and Mr. Alastair Gunning

Desmond O'Neill



THEATRE

Fate trips up an idealist

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



SPECTRE OF THE PAST. Luther Bateman (Paul Garner, left), the witch-hunting Senator's jackal, tells Lord Templeton (William Russell) that he has discovered the Red blot on his escutcheon. Lady Templeton (Mary Kenton) listens with helpless resignation to the words that doom her husband's career

THE HERO of the political play is usually a man with a soul above politics. He is, of course, one of the top people at Westminster, but it is no use guessing how he came to the top in a game he despises because we are never given a clue. One day, perhaps, a dramatist who understands and loves the political game for its own sake will pick out a typical player, blow him up to heroic proportions and give us drama satisfactorily grounded in politics. We must make do meanwhile with such impractical idealists as the hero of *Templeton*, a political play by Mr. Anthony Lock at the Arts Theatre. Templeton is a neck-or-nothing fellow who could be counted on to make a nonsense of almost any negotiation. But he "tied Vishinsky in legalistic knots" at Geneva, and he has just been chosen as British representative to the United Nations.

His appointment is regarded at Westminster as the rising of a new hope in the diplomatic world. A prologue tells us that this hope went out in guttering smoke, and it is the business of the play to reveal what explosive secret in the diplomat's early life caused this international catastrophe. The author cannot make up his mind whether to exploit the drama of the secret bursting on the international scene or to trace the

spiritual development of an idealist coming to disaster in tricky political times. He takes the way of the novelist rather than the way of the playwright. This is a pity. We may think it possible that the case of Templeton would make an interesting study in a novel. It is all too clear that, as Mr. Lock treats the case on the stage, potential drama leaks out of it at every point.

For paradoxically Lord Templeton, as he exists in the author's mind, is a much more authentic character than the play makes him appear. He belongs to the not quite uncommon type of aristocrat who feels it as a chip on his shoulder that he was born to privilege, and he has the radicalism and political fearlessness of the type. He was bound to have gone as a young man to the Spanish Civil War and the experience was bound to have made a Communist of him. Only through Communist discipline could the "rights of the people" be won. Something in his own nature, a fanatical belief in his own reasoning powers, carried him outside the normal range of the aristocratic radical type. He became a Communist agent during the war in Singapore and passed top secret plans to a fellow agent, a woman who seduced him as much by her logical exposition of Communist doctrine as by her physical charms. But even while handing over

the papers disillusion begins. It is easier, he reflects, to argue oneself into treason than to practise treason; and when the woman makes clear to him that the interests of the party are one thing and the interests of the "people" quite another and, so far as she can see, never will the twain meet, he is through with Communism. He is already on his way to Geneva, so to speak, to tie Vishinsky into legalistic knots. But in the past of the rising young diplomat lies the ugly act of treason.

All this past history would be infinitely more effective, I feel, if drawn out by implication while Templeton is about to leave London to take up his new post. We should then be in a position to study the consequences and to judge between the various possible attitudes to them. But Mr. Lock wastes our time in a Singapore mess, and then whisks us off to New York where the Singapore woman agent has married in the way of business a notorious anti-Communist senator. For quite a while we are led to suppose that the object of this exercise is to make a laughing stock of the Red-hunting Senator, and we get ready to applaud the brilliance of this humorous stroke. It is nothing of the sort. The woman's job is simply to let Downing Street have a micro-film of the documents incriminating the man who has tied Vishinsky into knots.

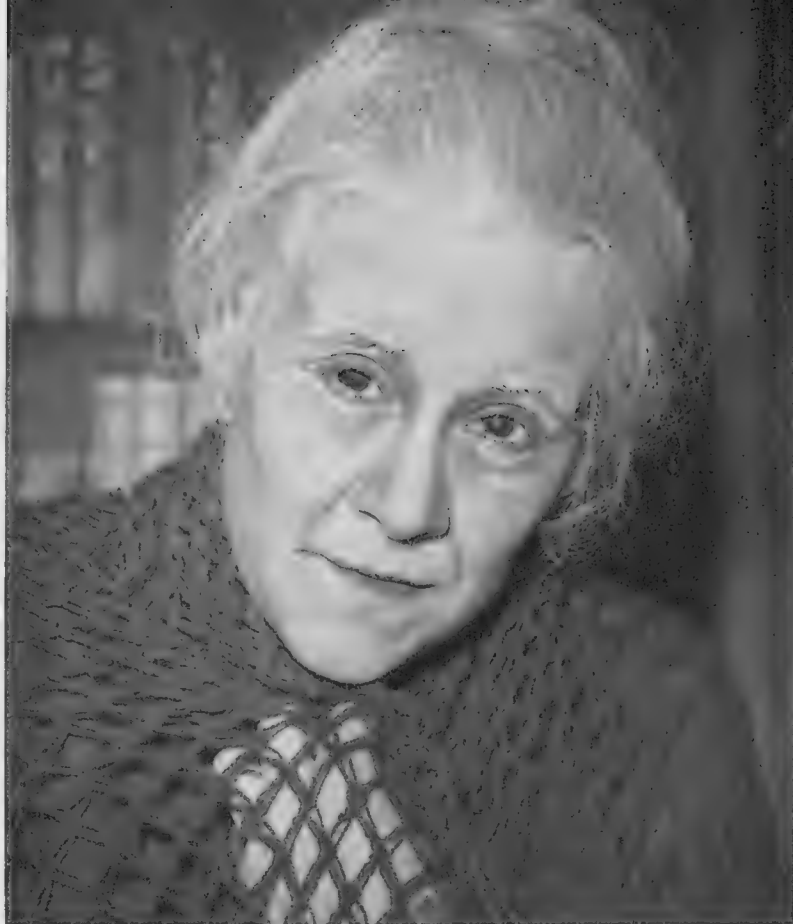
Naturally the Government do all that they can to avert a public scandal; but they reckon without the aristocrat. He will accept no favours. He will not withdraw on the pretext of ill-health. He was entitled in his headstrong youth to embrace Communism. It led him into treason, and he will stand his trial for treason. He will be sent to prison, but he will have asserted man's right to think independently. "A great man," cries his adoring wife. We are not so sure of that, but we cannot but salute a certain pig-headed splendour in the eager martyr. Mr. William Russell deals with him faithfully, Miss Heather Chasen wears her Communist principles as though they had been fitted by a master tailor and Mr. Oliver Burt and Mr. Michael Peake are excellent as the novelist insatiably interested in other people and the senator insatiably interested in himself.



The beautiful Red spy (Heather Chasen) retains her poise as novelist Anthony Brook (Oliver Burt) analyses the motives behind her marriage. Amusing himself at the bar is her husband, Senator Karl Neilsen (Michael Peake)



JOAN PLOWRIGHT plays two rôles in the much-discussed Ionesco double bill at Chelsea's Royal Court Theatre. In *The Lesson* she is a 17-year-old schoolgirl (left).



For *The Chairs* she becomes a woman of 92 (right). Miss Plowright, who is 27, has recently returned from America, where she acted in *The Entertainer* with Olivier

Four faces—but there's a catch in it

VERONICA BALL, singing star of the *Folies Bergère*, is now to be seen in the all-French production of *Ah Quelle Folie!* at the Winter Garden Theatre in Drury Lane. Warsaw-born Miss Ball served with the Free Polish forces



F. J. Goodman

PAULINE JAMESON is in *Duel of Angels* at the Apollo Theatre. She has starred in several television productions (*Isobel* and *The Human Touch*). She married W/Cdr. Leslie Lewington early this summer



David Sim

RECORDS

This is unworthy of the Count

by GERALD LASCELLES

AN ATOMIC "mushroom" is viewed through a vermillion haze on Count Basie's latest record sleeve. I thought it a piece of publicity unworthy of his personality. If Basie's music is spontaneous, it only confirms my own feelings that his is the greatest jazz band to have played the European circuit in the last decade. Reaction sets in on the third or fourth hearing, when one begins to realize that the music is not some trick by the recording engineer, but the genuine work of sixteen remarkably well-disciplined men. Such immaculate performance deserves full credit, and I note with approval the work of arranger Neal Hefti, whose pen set the sound and the pace of most of the pieces heard.

A former giant, Glenn Miller, returns to the turntable with two long-players of interest, although containing material which has been available previously in standard form. The first is from his Carnegie Hall début in 1939, and the second contains his classic performances from the film of his life. Both are now available on RCA label.

An opportunity to study the biggest single influence on today's modern style comes with the release of five long-players perpetuating the fantastic music of alto-saxophonist Charlie Parker, whose untimely death in 1955 robbed jazz of one of its greatest exponents. "The Bird," as he was known to his friends, was erratic to the point where his records became destined to success or the dustbin. The American Savoy label recorded him extensively between 1944 and 1948, and the results are issued here with the inclusion of the many "takes" which failed to come off. Quite apart from Parker's volatile solos, which are worth hearing at any price, the accompanying artists are of great interest. Bearing in mind that "Bird" led the bop set for some eight years, it is not surprising that he attracted the leading soloists to his guiding light. Trumpeters Gillespie and Davis, pianists John Lewis (M.J.Q. fame) and Bud Powell, and drummer Max Roach are all heard to the best advantage. It is little wonder that through Parker's overwhelming influence the instrumental supremacy passed from trumpet to saxophone, a point which I mentioned briefly last week. His approach could never be called simple—he wove his themes round complex harmonies and revelled in carrying a tune to breaking-point on a thread of melody which had long ceased to exist in any but his ears. When he played the blues he was as moving as any of the great ones who came before him.

By contrast, direct statement and simplicity are the keynote of effervescent Eddie Condon, whose verbosity in print rivals his tacit guitar playing in public. His themes are the works of those who made jazz in the "Roaring Twenties." The performances are those of competent grown-up jazzmen in the "Sumptuous Fifties." I like them for their joie-de-vivre, so sadly lacking in most recorded jazz today.

Selected Records

Columbia	THE ATOMIC MR. BASIE	12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
33SX1084		
London	THE IMMORTAL CHARLIE PARKER	12-in. L.P. £9 7s. 8½d.
LTZ-C15104-08		
Philips	EDDIE CONDON AND	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.
BBL 7227	THE ALL-STARS	
Nixa	EXPRESSO BONGO	12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
NPL 18016		
Philips	DUKE ELLINGTON	E.P. 12s. 10½d.
BBE 12168		
H.M.V.	FATS WALLER IN LONDON (NO. 2)	E.P. 11s. 1½d.
7EG8341		



Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman in a crucial scene from *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, Tennessee Williams's Southern drama which won the Pulitzer Prize. It was in this picture that Miss Taylor was working at the time of her husband Mike Todd's death in an air accident

COMING TO TOWN LATER

The threat of the flying bomb, and how it was discovered in time for counter-measures, is the subject of *Battle of the V.I.*, due in London this month. Michael Rennie (right) and David Knight are seen in stolen German uniforms persuading Milly Vitale to escape with them



THE CINEMA

Something extra-special from Mr. Cooper

by ELSPETH GRANT

MR. GARY COOPER has been around quite a time—on earth since 1901, in movies since 1926—and, though we were naturally always delighted to see him, we were perhaps beginning to regard him as just good old, lanky, laconic Reliable: as, in fact, nothing more than good old Trouper Cooper. Well, *10 North Frederick* certainly rocked me out of that somewhat condescending attitude of mind. Mr. Cooper's performance in this excellent film is outstandingly fine—sensitive, subtle and deeply moving: it is the most mature and, I am inclined to think, the best performance he has ever given. Ripeness, they say, is all and Mr. Cooper has now by some imperceptible process achieved it. This is not the man we took for granted: this is an actor deserving of the laurel and the palm—or, at the very least, an Oscar.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Cooper, like everybody else in the film, has been unusually well served by the scriptwriter and director, Mr. Philip Dunne—who handles unpleasant situations with honesty plus discretion and has provided some of the best dialogue we have heard in the cinema for years. The story, based on a novel by Mr. John O'Hara, is one of failure—the failure of a well-meaning man to find happiness.

To please his ambitious wife (Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald), Mr. Cooper, as a rich and respected member of a Pennsylvania community, attempts to enter politics. The gentle grafters who peddle positions of power dangle a Lieutenant Governorship before his innocent nose, hint at a possible future as President of the United States, and smilingly fleece and fool him to the top of his bent.

His daughter, Miss Diane Varsi, to whom he is devoted, marries an ill-educated trumpet-player (Mr. Stuart Whitman) for the simple reason that she is having a baby by him. At his wife's instigation and with the help of a trusted political friend (Mr. Tom Tully, thoroughly odious), Mr. Cooper has the marriage annulled and the records destroyed. While pretending to hush up the scandal, trusted friend uses it to force Mr. Cooper into withdrawing from politics.

Having had a miscarriage, Miss Varsi packs her bags and leaves for New York: she positively hates her mother. So, too, does her brother, Mr. Ray Stricklyn. His ambition is to become a jazz pianist—but Miss Fitzgerald has ruled that he shall go to Yale instead. On a visit to New York to see his daughter, Mr. Cooper meets the charming girl with whom she shares an apartment—a model, played with the most beautiful composure by ex-model Miss Suzy Parker.

They fall in love and, as Miss Fitzgerald has given Mr. Cooper grounds for divorce,

one hopes that they will marry—but Miss Parker is less than half his age and Mr. Cooper decides that such a marriage would be disastrous for her. Renouncing her, he quietly sets about drinking himself to death—a victim of what his son describes as galloping despair. Mr. Cooper quite miraculously ages under one's very eyes and does indeed convey despair in every line of his drooping frame and furrowed face. Though all the acting is of the highest order and there is not a single part that does not ring true, it is (for me) Mr. Cooper, drifting towards the shades on a tide of alcohol, who steals the picture.

There is a great deal more alcohol but less real pathos in *Too Much, Too Soon*—a film, directed by Mr. Art Napoleon, based on the autobiography of Miss Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late and fabulous Mr. John Barrymore. Rendered inordinately possessive through an unhappy childhood, Miss Barrymore (Miss Dorothy Malone) messes up her relationship with her father (Mr. Errol Flynn), embarks upon a series of calamitous affairs and succeeds effortlessly in making her lovers and herself acutely miserable. A doubtless inherited tendency towards dipsomania begins to tell: she takes to the bottle in a big way and ruins her (not very promising) career as an actress.

Miss Malone, wide-eyed and woeful, arouses only my impatience. Mr. Flynn, on the other hand, stirs me to admiration: with the merest eighth of an inch added to the tip of his nose, he really comes off rather splendidly as *The Great Profile*.

Miss Dana Wynter, looking somehow like

a slightly snappish fox terrier, has the title rôle in *Fräulein*—an embarrassing film heavy-handedly directed by Mr. Henry Koster and cluttered with a maddening variety of foreign accents. Orphaned and alone in Berlin at the end of the war, Miss Wynter first falls into the hands of the Russians,—a drunken, rowdy, uncouth, licentious and detested lot. Escaping to West Berlin, she is offered hospitality by some beastly Germans who run a brothel and who, basely and without her knowledge, register her as a prostitute.

Don't worry. The Americans, whom everybody in Germany loves and respects, will come to her rescue. As a reward for her having spoken civilly to him, a coloured American soldier obligingly falsifies her papers—removing the word "prostitute" and leaving her free to marry Mr. Mel Ferrer, that American officer she met when he was an escaped prisoner of war in Cologne. They are welcome to each other: I never met a less interesting pair.

Most of the performances are irritatingly amateurish, but not that of Miss Dolores Michaels as a blonde night club pianist: hers is so bad that it's downright fascinating.

In *Scandal In Montmartre*, directed by M. Alfred Rode, Mlle. Claudine Dupuis plays a night club singer whose gangster lover is doing time for a big jewel robbery. The jewels have not been recovered but she knows where they are. Of these things you may be sure—but you cannot be sure of anything else or anybody else in the film.

Take the night club proprietor: is he a good friend to Mlle. Dupuis out of the kindness of his heart, or is he after the stolen jewels? And M. Jean Gaven—is he a policeman on the same track or is he the gangster he represents himself to be? And darling little Mlle. Dany Carrel as the latest addition to the night club's chorus line—is she really a shy, sweet showgirl or is she in the employ of an insurance company interested in recovering the lost loot? You might have a good deal of fun finding out—but it's no fun for Mlle. Dupuis, I do assure you. Despite the bevy of nudes and near-nudes filling the background, the L.C.C. has given the film an "A" Certificate. I see no harm in it, either.

GARY COOPER and Suzy Parker develop a romantic situation in *10 North Frederick*. "The best performance he has ever given," says Elspeth Grant, adding that Miss Parker's rôle is played "with the most beautiful composure"



Foyle's luncheon to honour H. E. Bates



The 296th Foyle's Literary Luncheon was held at the Dorchester in honour of Mr. H. E. Bates. He described his new book **The Darling Buds of May** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), to be published this month, as his first humorous work. The luncheon chairman was Sir Alan Herbert, and guests included Miss Ann Todd, Sir John Elliot, Mr. Richard Church and Mr. Bernard Miles. In the pictures: Miss Todd (left) and Mr. Bates. Centre: Sir Alan Herbert and Sir John Elliot. Right: Mrs. Richard Sutton with Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, the artist



Van Hallan

BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

My favourite humorist writes another winner



Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's sister, in a dress by Leroy, from *Kings of Fashion* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.) by Anny Latour

IF YOU LIKE Thurber, there's practically nothing Thurber ever wrote or drew that you can bear to have even faintly disparaged. I idolize his work, fables, fairytales and all, and it is for this reason I pick his latest fantasy, **The Wonderful O** (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), for first place this week. Delicate, extraordinary, funny, perhaps a trifle over-sweet but always strengthened by the sound sense and sheer goodness that is the foundation of Thurber's writing, it is a fable, a morality, an allegory, whatever you like, and it must be read. Goodness knows whether it is in fact a story for children—less clearly so, I'd say, than was that earlier masterpiece *The Thirteen Clocks*.

On one level the book is about a terrible fellow called Black who hates the letter O ever since his mother got stuck in a porthole and had to be pushed out since she couldn't be pulled back. With an equally horrid friend called Littlejack he sails in search of treasure in his ship the Aieu to a happy island called Ooroo, and begins systematically to terrorize the islanders into abandoning O-words and occupations from their lives. Owls can no longer live in oaks; chocolate, gold, cellos and dominoes are banned, life becomes daily more circumscribed and

impossible. Finally, of course, love, valour, hope and freedom, the four splendid O-words, triumph. The story is odd and adorable and written in shining language—the dazzling fun Thurber has with words somehow emphasizes rather than conceals the book's serious and profound heart—and it says more than 20 enormous novels about *The Contemporary Predicament*.

I don't think there's any message in Nicholas Blake's **A Penknife in My Heart** (Crime Club, Collins, 12s. 6d.), except possibly that if you're a nice, sensitive, distraught playwright who wants to be rid of a neurotic pianist wife in order to marry a kindly, luscious redhead, you can't solve your problem by arranging for her to be put out of the way. This is an ingenious thriller about a murder-contract, and as always the author embellishes the entertainment with a smooth, easy style and some real people, this time in a real state of misery. Murder may be a diversion in fiction, but it's nice to find it played out by people who have observed identities.

There's an engaging author's postscript explaining that though the book is something like Patricia Highsmith's *Strangers on a Train*, and two characters indeed have Christian names in common in both, it



Miss Carolyn Anne Keys
to **Lt. David Kyrle Hankinson, R.N.**
She is the daughter of Captain & Mrs. C. E. Keys, of Lovcombe, Buckland Monachorum, Devon. He is the son of Mrs. H. M. Hankinson, Little Claremont, Esher



Miss Juliet Mary Creasy
to **Mr. Christian Lanzer**
She is the daughter of Sir Gerald & Lady Creasy, Forest Row, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. Lanzer, of Amsterdam, Holland



Miss Angela Walker
to **Mr. Jeremy Dewhurst**
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. G. N. Walker, Sandford, near Wormit, Fife. He is the son of Col. & the Hon. Mrs. H. Dewhurst, Dungarhill, Dunkeld



Miss Rosemary Truscott
to **Mr. Richard Lines**
She is the daughter of Sir Denis Truscott, Lord Mayor of London, & Lady Truscott, Invermark, Burghley Road, Wimbledon. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Lines, Glenalmond House, Manor Fields, Putney

happened unwittingly and by bad luck. Somehow I am pleased by the thought of perfectly respectable members of society going about their lawful tasks thinking about fictional crimes and coming up with the same sort of idea perfectly independently. It reminds me of the bizarre amazement—and pleasure—experienced by an avowedly unliterary Sunday poet with whom I once attended a Shakespeare production at Stratford, when he leaned forward and muttered, “The fellow’s written one of my lines. . . .”

Forbidden Childhood, by Ruth Slenczynska and Louis Biancolli (Peter Davies, 16s.), starts menacing you right from the glossy American-type jacket, with its ominous title, its picture of a young woman playing an invisible keyboard, and its cover-note: “*The frank account of a girl’s struggle to free herself from the stranglehold of her tyrannical father.*” If that doesn’t put you off at the start, you will discover that the book is also an interesting account of what it is like to be a child prodigy, playing your first perfect four-octave scale at the age of three, giving concerts in an “ice-cream” dress, studying with Schnabel, Cortot and Rachmaninoff,

escaping from it and returning to the concert-platform once more. The author is still only 32, and made her professional début 23 years ago.

Miss Slenczynska was born in Sacramento, and her father, a Pole with a frustrated dream of playing the violin, apparently dragged her from bed at six every morning to begin practice, taught her to speak of him as her only teacher, beat her unmercifully till she was 14, took all her money, sold the presents given to her by admirers, booked a double room for her and himself when on tour, dominated her completely, and impressed on her that her entire life belonged to him and that he had “willed” her success. The story is appalling, and one does not know whether to be more appalled or relieved that she has been able to make a book out of it. The hatred and disgust she feels for her father may have been forced on her, but it is a fearful thing to read it baldly set down: “There you have my father, a bitter, ruthless, superstitious, arrogant man”—and a good deal worse besides.

The book’s biggest drawback is its lack of distinction in the writing. The style is sloppy, chatty, souped-up, and runs on

regardless (unhelped by small, niggly print on disagreeable paper with miniscule margins).

I’m not casting any doubt on the author’s sincerity, but at times the style throws the whole dreadful business into a sort of bathetic cartoon of *Life With Father*. “Then Father’s nasty inferiority complex came to the fore. . . .” “In the hotel rooms he would scream nasty oaths at me as loudly as he dared.” Beastly stuff, but not quite the *mots justes* to describe it. And I somehow don’t feel comfortable about the description of “Chopin’s ‘Funeral March’ sonata” as “one of the most awesome monuments of piano literature.”

The frontispiece shows a podgy, sad little girl with fat legs and a smock sitting at a piano and gazing out with a black, hostile stare. Her glittering career was clearly no picnic, but Father has now well and truly received his come-uppance from a daughter who has been committing his regrettable dialogue to memory for the last 30 years. She can recall unhappy conversations that happened when she was two years and three months old—or anyway, that is how the story is written.





Studio Vanessa

Rivals in chiffon

Fashion approves both long and short

IN A Chelsea Studio two models made of the same material contrast the conflicting styles of today's evening dresses. *Opposite:* A ball dress in coffee nylon chiffon, used prodigiously and mounted on stiffened petticoats. The bodice is swathed and toning taffeta bows accentuate the hipline. By Frank Usher. At Selfridges, London, and Daly's, Glasgow. Price: about 27 gns. Crystal-and-pearl necklet from Paris House. Gloves by Pullmans. *Above:* A short evening dress that can afford to ignore the frowns of Caesar Augustus. It is made of tiered sapphire-blue chiffon with a high waistline emphasizing the low décolleté. At Fenwick's, Bond Street, and Walmesley, St. Anne's on Sea. Price: about 19 gns. Pearl-and-rhinestone ear-rings, bracelet and pendant from Paris House. Both these dresses are also made in many other colours



How to set off a suntan

Go for burnish in your clothes
as well as on your skin . . .

BRONZE is the sought-after shade for summer limbs—but why stop at the skin? Burnished colours (along with white) are infinitely the most sophisticated for clothes and accessories to throw your suntan into high relief. Give the brash reds and blues a rest this year and choose bronze, molten gold or sunburst yellow. *Opposite:* Be different in golden-yellow knitted silk bloomers (silk-lined) and top. They are made by Fontana of Rome and can be bought at the Fontana Boutique at Harvey Nichols. Prices: the top £5 15s. 6d.; the pants £9 19s. 6d.; the gold kid mules 9 gns. *Right:* Golden yellow again, this time in silk shantung for Atrima's dress, hand-embroidered in Madeira. At Cresta, Bond Street, and Lindsay, Halifax. Price: about 18½ gns. *Below:* Stark white to show your tan to its best advantage. The knitted Rhodia nylon dress at Woollands is permanently pleated and worn with a wide gleaming gold-kid belt. Price: dress £14 3s. 6d.; the belt 3 gns.



Studio Vanessa



ABOUT THE SETTINGS: These photographs were taken on a Chelsea roof-top. Douglas Fisher, the restaurateur, has converted his studio in Glebe Place into a miniature Renaissance palazzo filled with treasures patiently collected over the years. Spanish tiles, and wrought iron, a false arch, Roman statuary and much ingenuity have transformed a sooty roof into a patio that lacks only a view of the Mediterranean to complete the effect of the South rather than S.W.3

To set off your suntan *continued*

What female heart can gold despise?

(THOMAS GRAY 1716-71)

Left: For a happy transition from a wet bathing costume to comfort, this yellow towelling poncho slips over the head. It has a pair of matching briefs. At Galeries Lafayette. Price: 7 gns. Roman sandals by Fontana in gold and burnt sienna at Harvey Nichols. Price: 8 gns. Straw boater from Marshall & Snelgrove. Price: £1 17s. 6d.

Below (centre): A swimsuit that shines like molten metal in the sun. It is made entirely of gold lamé and is fully lined. At Marshall & Snelgrove's Playdeck. Price: £7 17s. 6d. The golden bracelet, also at Marshall & Snelgrove, costs 44s. 6d.

Below (left): A gleaming patio suit in bronze wild silk. The tapered pants are topped with a matching jacket. At the Fontana Boutique at Harvey Nichols. Also the gold kid mules. Prices: £15 15s. 6d. the pants, 14 gns. the jacket, and 9 gns. the mules

Opposite: Guinea Gold, Braemar's newest colour, in a casual lambswool sweater, available mid-July at D. H. Evans, and Romanes & Paterson, Edinburgh. Price: 59s. 11d. It is worn with cotton shorts striped with white, gold and brown. They come from Galeries Lafayette. Price: £1 19s. Gold bracelet from Marshall & Snelgrove. Price: 44s. 6d.





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

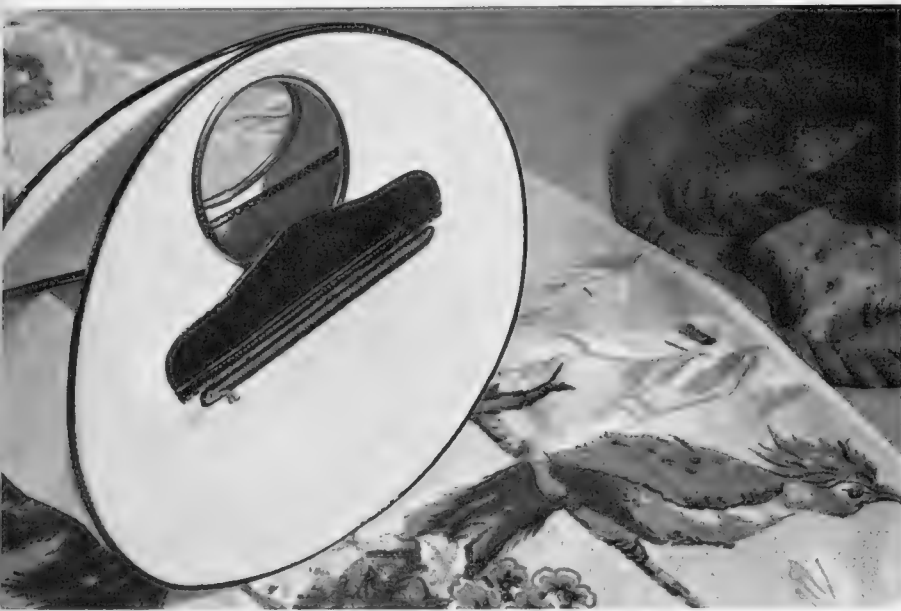
The personal touch



FOR WOMEN who like the individual touch in the choice of their clothes and are willing to spend time on fittings, there is Margaret Barry of 64 New Bond Street, W.1. She makes only customers' own requirements from adaptations of her own sketches or the collection of models always to be found in her showrooms. The navy coat (left) is made in a rayon material with a heavy linen weave, and lined throughout. Teamed with it is the two-piece (*opposite*) jumper suit in a heavy navy blue rayon spotted with white. Margaret Barry's prices are reasonable, varying according to the quality of fabric used. The white stitched cloche also comes from her showroom.

Photographs by
Studio Vanessa





The "Full Moon" beach bag is of white plastic trimmed black, and has gilt ring handles (£1 12s. 6d.). The printed beach towel, size 30 in. x 60 in., is by Horrockses (£1 1s.). Both from Debenham & Freebody



Right: A new type of beach bag in towelling, striped red & white or blue & white. It is waterproof lined and has "wet" and "dry" compartments (£3 9s. 6d.). Drum-shaped bag with adjustable handle (18s. 9d.). Marshall & Snelgrove

SHOPPING

Colour on the beach

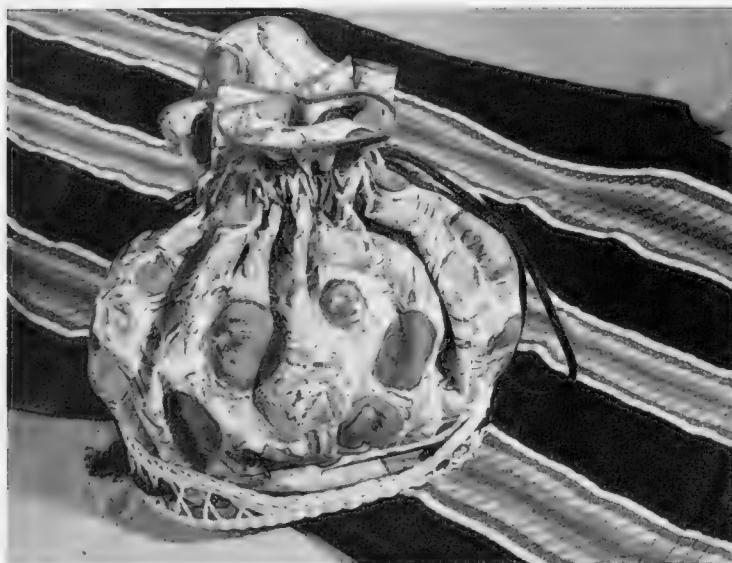
by JEAN STEELE



Striped raffia bag with novel rope handle (£2 12s. 6d.) and canvas shoes (£1 15s.). From Simpson, Piccadilly



White straw Spanish-style hat (£5 15s. 6d.). The beach bag is of straw with towelling panels (£11 0s. 0d.). Simpson



A bag of huge capacity, lined waterproof, with a basketwork base. (£4 4s.). Towel 30 in. x 54 in. (£1 4s. 9d.). Debenham & Freebody



Stencilled alphabets give piquancy to this straw beach hat (£3 3s.), while the blocky cork wedge mules have a gay raffia "upper" (£2 15s.). Simpson

PEOPLE GOING PLACES . . .

On occasions like this, when everything about you must be in the superlative, you will be glad you chose a Cresta. Here is the fine car that perfectly expresses your good taste; a car combining new beauty of line with the most advanced engineering features . . . panoramic vision, phenomenal road-holding, remarkably spacious interior and luggage boot, a new high standard of comfort, and superbly smooth performance. Only a trial run in the new Cresta or Velox can fully demonstrate to you its many advantages over other cars at the same price. See your local Vauxhall dealer and he will gladly give you further details.



VELOX £655 + £328 . 17s. P.T. (£983 . 17s.) • **CRESTA** £715 + £358 . 17s. P.T. (£1,073 . 17s.)

VICTOR £498 + £250 . 7s. P.T. (£748 . 7s.) • **VICTOR SUPER** £520 + £261 . 7s. P.T. (£781 . 7s.) • **VICTOR ESTATE CAR** £620 + £311 . 7s. P.T. (£931 . 7s.)

A simple style by Xavier of Knightsbridge for the holidays. Semi-short hair is swept up at the back and finished at the front in a dagger-style fringe

BEAUTY

The lady's not for burning

by JEAN CLELAND



WITH talk of holidays in the air, and most people going in search of the sun, the question of what to take in the way of oils and lotions is to the fore. Not the least pleasurable part of a holiday abroad is to be greeted on one's return with "How beautifully brown you look. You are lucky to go such a nice colour."

Let me say straight away that luck—not even a "little bit of luck"—has nothing to do with it. If I go a nice shade of brown when I sunbathe, it is simply a matter of care, and of not daring to leave things to chance. I have a sensitive skin, and on one occasion some years ago, I disregarded my own advice, and lay for a whole afternoon in the hot sun in my garden on the top of the Chiltern hills, with no protection whatsoever on my face, neck and arms. My sun-tan preparations were all in the house, and I was too lazy to go in and get them. I thought it would be all right, but how wrong I was. The result was deplorable. I rivalled the reddest looking lobsters in colour, I flaked and peeled, and my skin burned in a way that was extremely painful. It took ages to live it down. "Fancy it happening to you," jeered my friends.

Since that day I have carefully used protective preparations. In these days there is quite a bewildering variety, and I am frequently being asked for advice as to which to choose. Choice must be governed by personal preference as to the kind of preparation—cream, oil or lotion—that best suits your particular purpose.

The name of Bronnley, famous for their soaps and bath luxuries, is familiar to most

people, and one can be confident that their two new sun preparations are of the finest quality. First of all, a few weeks ago came a sun tan lotion, followed now by a sun tan oil. The oil, compounded on Continental lines is, to a certain extent, water repellent. It contains, in addition to its protective qualities, some beautifying skin emollients that offset the drying effects of salt water. This oil slightly colours the skin, so that those who dislike starting their holiday with a pale face, can have the beginnings of a tan straight away. It also has an insect repellent that wards off midges.

The Bronnley sun tan lotion protects and nourishes the skin, and is extremely soothing. It helps one to tan quickly with no ill effects, and can be used equally safely by children and adults. An interesting piece of information from Bronnley's is that men are more reactive to the sun than women. With this in mind, the sun tan lotion has been given a fresh tangy scent of lavender so that it can also be used without objection by the male members of the family.

Another new sun preparation that has the "plus" of a special repellent, is Nivea's "Sunea Sunning Lotion." It is a spirit type of lotion designed to form an invisible filter between the skin and the sun. It is excellent for those who like something that is neither sticky nor greasy, and who are prone to be stung or bitten when there are insects or midges around. It is contained in a plastic squeeze-type spray bottle with a "captive" cap.

Those whose skin is of the dry type will be pleased to hear of a new sun tan cream

from Elizabeth Arden, that moistens as well as protects. Frothily light, it is delicately scented and instantly absorbed, and is specially recommended for a skin that is sensitive. If you want a nice even tan, this cream will encourage it. It comes in an aerosol container, convenient for the beach.

Max Factor have produced a sun cream with a difference. This is called "Sun Bliss," and the difference is that it comes in two textures. One is Sun Bliss *Sun Tan Cream* which you have in a flexi-tube. This does not leak, and can easily be carried in a handbag or beach bag. The other, Sun Bliss *Sun Tan Foam*, is in an aerosol container. Ingredients are the same, but the difference lies in the two packings which change the texture. From the tube you get a cream, and from the aerosol—which is more expensive—a foam. My suggestion, for the sake of convenience and economy is to have one of each. Use the cream on the face, and the foam on the body. The latter being much lighter—rather like a froth of shaving soap—is easier to spread over a wide area.

Latest preparation of all to reach me is Guerlain's new "Misty Tan," which is only just on the market. This is another non-greasy lotion in an aerosol container, which sprays the lotion out, covering the skin with a fine misty film. This should then be smoothed in until it is evenly distributed.

There, as a guide, is my description of the latest sun tan preparations, showing what they are like and what they do. The choice must be made according to individual requirements.



Miss Mariana Peake and Miss Cecily Scrope at a cocktail-party given for them by their parents. Miss Mariana Peake is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Peake. He is a barrister. Miss Cecily Scrope is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Simon Scrope, who live in Yorkshire

At the Hyde Park Hotel



Richard Lane Fox and the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, daughter of Viscount Ingleby



Miss Diana Leishman and Miss Jane Hill-Walker, who come from Yorkshire



Miss Jean Gurney with Mr. Robert Peake, brother of Miss Mariana Peake



Miss Lizbet Strickland-Constable with Mr. Humphry Wakefield, who is at Cambridge

A. V. Swaabe

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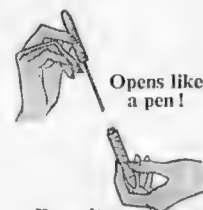


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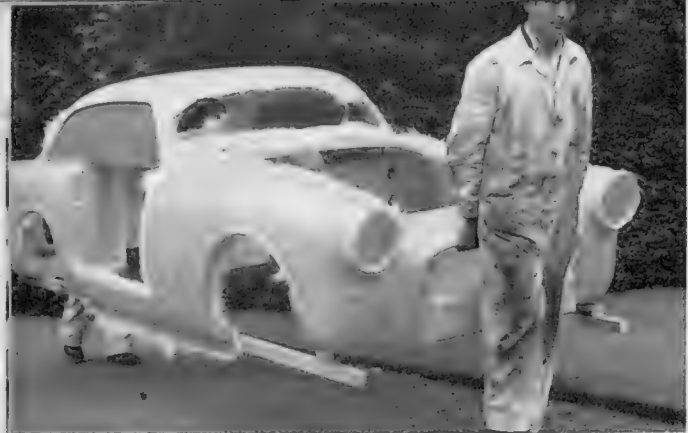
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SO LIGHT that two men can carry it to the finishing shop is the fibreglass body of the new Triumph-engined Peerless four-seater coupé, made at Slough. Note (right) the Mercedes-type air intake and ornament



MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

Service with a scowl

WHEN YOU CAN GET IT AT ALL!

IT WAS RAINING and the bracket holding the exhaust pipe fractured, letting the exhaust system trail on the road. I realized that I would be unlikely to find anyone willing to do a complete repair immediately, so I looped a piece of wire round the pipe, tied it to the bumper, and drove into Oxford in search of first aid. At the first garage I reached, I called in, waited until noticed and then asked: "Could you wire my silencer to the chassis for me? The bracket is broken."

The person I had addressed looked at me as if I had made an immoral suggestion. "Not until the car's dry. You don't expect me to work under a car dripping with water, do you?" Chastened and humbled, I admitted that this idea had indeed crossed my mind. "Oh no, I don't," he said. "There's too many of you people get into trouble and then come along and expect us to help them out."

At one time I used to think that this was what garages and service stations were for. But now I know better. The trouble is that many car manufacturers are still assuming that the owner will be surrounded by service stations giving service promptly, willingly and efficiently. Some do, thank goodness, but there is a vast number of the other kind. Even proprietors who try to maintain the old ideal of service often find it difficult to put into practice with the labour available. And anyone who thinks I am being unjust to the British garage or its mechanics ought to hear some of the remarks I have heard recently from service directors and foreign-car agents trying to set up adequate service in works over here. The impression created by the bad ones overshadows the good work of the few, and in this country it seems to be easy for the idle and inefficient to make a good living.

The contrast between our ideas of service and the best Continental practice was brought home to me while I was using that same car in Switzerland. I took it to a garage in Berne without any previous appointment and asked if it could be greased for the following morning. The receptionist looked at its travel stains rather disdainfully

and said that they would like to wash it first. This surprised me, as a car usually requires washing *after* it has been serviced to remove the oil, grease and dirty finger-marks. However, I agreed. At eight the next morning the car was ready for collection and I then understood the reason for the wash. They had not only washed the body but had cleaned the chassis to remove accumulated mud from wishbones, springs, shock absorbers, steering gears and brakes before getting busy with the grease again—and there were no finger-marks to be seen. The bill: 25s.

Over here the charge for greasing alone may run to over 1s. a nipple. Perhaps the greatest service the car manufacturers can render the business-man motorist is to keep him away from service stations as long as possible. It is no longer realistic to produce cars that require a couple of dozen nipples greased every 1,000 miles. As long ago as 1920 Riley cut down the need for regular chassis lubrication by self-lubricating bushes of compressed asbestos impregnated with graphite. Steering, gear and clutch linkage were packed with enough lubrication for six months' running. Today the Rover has only four grease-points requiring attention every 3,000 miles and the Austin Gipsy has many bearings requiring no lubrication. But progress is patchy.

There are two methods in use today. One is centralized lubrication which allows the driver to send oil under pressure to all chassis points every 100 or 200 miles by pressing a pedal. It is confined to expensive cars here, but on the Continent

some medium-priced models have it.

The other method is to use bushes of rubber, nylon or oil-impregnated sintered metal—which requires no lubrication. Some American cars now have wishbone pivots sealed and lubricated for life and I hear we may soon have propeller shafts that need no lubrication.

But lubrication is only one of the larger problems of car maintenance, and the wise manufacturer will realize that the contemporary industry can no longer stand aside from the do-it-yourself movement that is sweeping the Western world as a revolt against high charges and poor service. Fortunes have been made in catering for the home decorator but the car industry works on the assumption that home car maintenance is finished.

A brilliant exception is, of course, the specialized home-built car industry that has grown up supplying components to home constructors, thus enabling the keen young man to save tax and gain invaluable practical experience by building his own car.

Among their elders home maintenance is far from finished. It may be heading for a big revival in this country. Car magazines catering for the home mechanic now out-sell those which concentrate on tiring road-tests and sport. But you wouldn't think so to see how little interest some manufacturers show in their requirements. Only last week one young man complained to me that in order to replace a broken spring on his starter pinion he had been expected to buy a complete expensive Bendix drive, though a lot of the parts he did not need. And when he tried to replace a faulty silencer he was expected to buy a complete new exhaust system.

He and thousands like him are looking for cars that are easy to repair with cheap, readily available parts. They buy their cars second-hand, but this affects the sales of new cars for the second-hand price covers the depreciation for the new one.



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DINING OUT

He served U.S. wine in Burgundy!

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

NINE-TENTHS of the gastronomic junketings I describe in this column happen of necessity in England, so let us make a diversion down into the heart of the vineyards of Burgundy where a dinner has just been held which caused excitement, amusement and a near riot.

A good friend of mine, Marc Chevillot, proprietor and maître chef of that well known Relais Gastronomique, the Hotel de la Poste in Beaune, decided to go to America and experience for himself *cuisine à l'Américaine*. He spent three months there and has just returned.

Back home, he was pestered by questions from the "locals" about what sort of food and drink he had consumed. So he arranged to settle the matter once and for all by preparing an American dinner for the Rotary Club of Beaune and match it with American wines.

His father (who, in his turn, had been maître chef de cuisine of this hotel for many years), accused him of committing patricide and destroying the reputation of the hotel. But despite the uproar, Marc proceeded with his plans unperturbed.

The wines were presented for the occasion from the cellars of the s.s. United States, on which he travelled home.

The aperitif served was a "Bloody Mary." As I caused considerable offence recently to a smart-looking barmaid in a pub in Fleet Street (of all places) by asking for one, and in case there is anyone else left who does not know its ingredients, it is a mixture of vodka, tomato juice, dash of Worcester sauce, possibly a squeeze of lemon, well iced.

The menu consisted of fruit cup, corn bread, Southern fried chicken with succotash and candied yams, avocado salad with Roquefort dressing. The wines served were California Mountain Pinot Noir, California Mountain Folle Blanche 1949, The Christian Brothers Burgundy and Cook's Imperial American Champagne Brut.

Marc Chevillot prepared all the food himself and was sure its quality was excellent. But he said that the arguments over the wine among these loyal Burgundians became so heated that they hardly noticed what they were eating. Only the presence of Mr. Walter B. Gates, Consul des Etats Unis d'Amerique à Lyon, and his wife, prevented the assembly from coming to blows.

M. Chevillot went on to say that the general opinion was that the white wine had bouquet but little flavour; the Pinot Noir plenty of body but no bouquet; and that the Christian Brothers had done a good job and made an excellent wine for people who were not Burgundians. When it came to the champagne the usual roar went up that champagne can only come from that limited area of Champagne in France with its headquarters in Reims and Epernay, and that whereas this was a gay, sparkling and refreshing wine it was not champagne. Someone suggested it should be called Californian Fizz, another Nappa Valley, and so on.

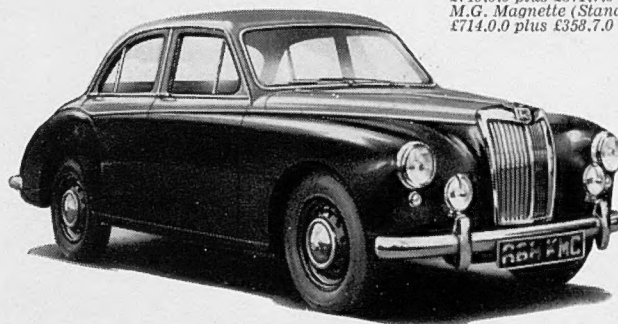
Finally, somebody spread a rumour that a representative of the *Guide Michelin* was rapidly approaching from Paris in a helicopter to remove the star they had previously awarded the hotel for its gastronomic excellence!

Joking apart, Marc tells me that the assembled wine-growers were extremely interested in the wines and thought it was obvious that much progress had been made in American viticulture.

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DINING IN

Cream with your cucumbers

by HELEN BURKE

"A FRESH crisp cucumber is so delicious that no one wants to do anything but eat it," says Dorothy Hartley in her admirable *Food In England*. I know what she means and, up to a point, I agree, because there are certain foods, like asparagus, about which I hesitate to do anything other than the "usual." But English cucumbers, even the hot-house ones we get these days, are as reasonably priced as any other green.

Cool cucumber by all means, thinly sliced and dressed in sweetened vinegar—but also cooked cucumber. Cucumber, both raw and cooked, is equally wonderful.

Think how pleasant and refreshing a chilled Crème de Concombre could be after a day in the city. Think, too, of setting before friends an unexpected vegetable course of cooked cucumber!

Crème de Concombre, chilled for these warm days, looks twice as cool because of its slight cast of palest green. For 6 to 7 servings cut a peeled long cucumber into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Place them in a saucepan with a chopped shallot and just cover them with water or the strained stock made from a roast chicken carcass. Simmer, covered, until the cucumber is soft enough to rub through a sieve.

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour in 1 oz. butter without colouring it. Remove and stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints stock or, failing stock, hot water and a chicken cube. Return to the heat and simmer to thicken. Add the cucumber pulp, then taste and season with a few grains of cayenne pepper and salt. Add also a drop or so of sap green culinary colouring to tinge the soup faintly. If the soup is on the thick side, dilute it further. Finally, stir in up to $\frac{1}{8}$ pint single cream. Chill. Just before serving, whisk in a few drops of Angostura bitters, not to be noticed but to give that indefinable finish.

Cucumbers in Cream is a dish worthy to be served with salmon or salmon trout. For 4 to 5 people, peel 1 to 2 long cucumbers and cut them into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. Remove the centres if the seeds are hard. Cover with boiling salted water, and give them 3 minutes' good boiling.

Drain and return to the pan with 2 oz. butter and seasoning to taste. Slowly cook until the cucumbers are soft. Place $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint double cream in a cast-iron entree dish, which can go to the table later on, and simmer to thicken the cream but avoid burning it (or use a glass oven dish and simmer the cream in the oven). Turn the cucumber into the dish and spoon the cream up and over it. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve at once.

To serve cold with salmon or salmon trout, slice $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch rounds of cucumber, remove the seeds and cut each slice into four. At the last minute add as much as possible to mayonnaise.

This cucumber salad is simply made and good with cold meats: Thinly slice a cucumber. Sprinkle the pieces with salt and leave for an hour or so. Press between two plates to remove the collected liquid. Turn into a glass dish and cover with a cup each of white vinegar and water, sweetened to taste, and season with a little freshly milled pepper.

The following recipe for the most delicately flavoured pickled cucumbers I know was given to me by the chef of one of my favourite mid-European restaurants in London. But they are not the kind of pickle which keeps over a long period. Place a slice of bread in a tall jar. Cut a thin slice off each end of several English hot-house cucumbers, just long enough to stand comfortably upright in the jar. Add a teaspoon each of freshly milled black and white pepper and mustard seed, 2 bay leaves, a clove of garlic and a long "stick" of dill. Fill up with salted water, cover with a further slice of bread and place a plate on top. Stand the jar in a warm place to induce fermentation, then leave for 4 days. Excellent with hors d'oeuvres, fish and potato salads and as a garnish for cold meats.





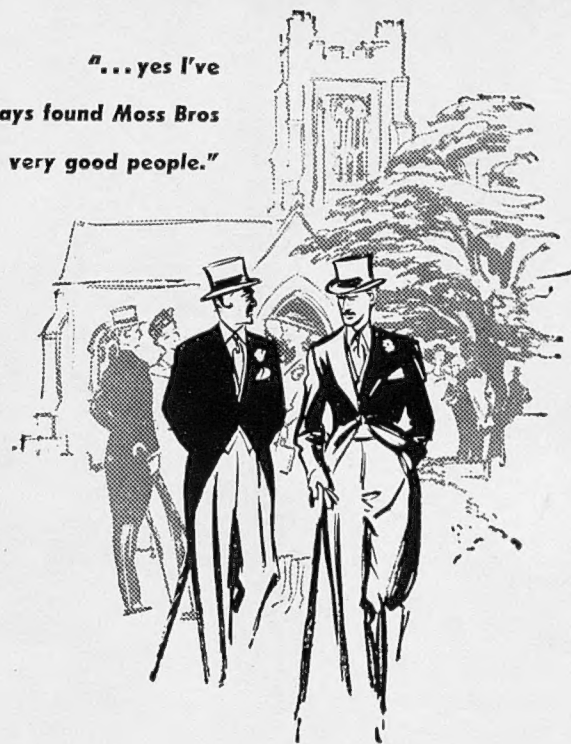
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